Twelve Santé Donne Sanātana

Twelve Santé Donne ʻAbdi:

Letters I Wish and Couldn't Forward

The Novella Sequel to Stacey Starr… and other Cosmic Intergalactic Stories written by Eustace Ẃ. Valentino Spivey.

Copyright ©

Wordcount: 50,502.

Pages Total: 150.

12 of 23 Letters in Counting: 1-8, 9: L’Official July to August, 10, 12-13, 19, 24, 25: Balada des Antoine, 26, 30.

Project of Eight Months (March 2026).

Mensa Contentorum: 悪魔からの手紙 **(**チェーンソーマン**)**

Letters I Wish & Couldn't Fwd: Inspired by Sabrina

Dedicated to Sabrina the Bee, Lily Mae of England! Miss you, mate, whoever you may identify as now! Also to Brooke E.

The Adventures of Stacey Starr:

☆★ Volume Three ★★

Midwest American Origins

CERVUS SANGUIS FLUVIUS EPISTULA: DI LAETITIA, O UNIVERSUM STELLARUM MAGNITI.

This majorly includes Jargensen. (adj. + noun) Anishinaabemowin - Ojibwe Algonquian Native words for “Original People’s” - Midewiwin is “birch bark scrolls.” This has Jargensen’s backstory:

These are the ancient Eastern civilization settlements west of the Appalachian Mountains: For the mysteries of the Wendigo run deep into the rivers of blood of pain and rage, when the darkness of greed unfolds and captures all the time in your life that distracts from the love of the land. He is based within Appalachian folklore, yet is as ancient as the footprints of the first Americans.

His unexpected death in Middle Michigan was, safe to say, the most traumatizing event to unfold among the people of such a satanic winter, far before the white devils with swords and whips. During ancient times, the native tribes existed in the northern Midwest, where the Algonquin were the most northern, near the Canadian ice caps. As the mainland of Michigan stands, the Odawa were the living members of the encampments before the Significant Satanic Winter O Ten Thousand Years Ago.

They were bordered, the Great Odawa folks, by the Potawatomi to the south by Lake Michigan and Illinois, as well as the Mississaugas by Lake Erie to the East, the Nipissing and Algonquin to the Great Hudson Bay North! The North River Chippewas: to the West, where Wisconsin is, the Chippewa, also known as the Ojibwa, speaking peoples of Minnesota, and the beginning of the Great Mississippi River! Even further west, Minnesota was the second tribe of the Chippewa that spoke the language of Salteaux.

The Trail of Tears.

From the absolutely evil moral codes that drove Andrew Jackson against the brilliance of a vulnerable tribe, the dismantlement of an ancient and bestowed empire, belonging deeply to the traditions of strength and elements of the lands, O Turtle Islands. One of the worst of these white devils led the massacre and moved West of the Appalachian folks. In a painful hell-fire and storm of tears upon a trail from the Mountains that led west to the Southern Plains. This passed the Mississippi River and almost to Texas and Mexico. The tribes refounded the Great Many Nations in ᎣᎧᎳᎰᎹ O-ka-la-hō-ma. The

southern tribes were south of the many industrial cities that appeared in the nineteenth century. Within this dreadful trek that was led by tears, misfortune, and pain within the white devil's expansion. Folklore was surely spread from these cultures and preserved through the stories told by fathers and grandfathers…within this terrible event, the Wendigo was reborn in an effort of the horrible starvation and pain endured among slave-like bounds.

In this great Nation(s) of Oklahoma, the Che'pe'wa ·ᒍᐯ·ᐊ Nation was officially united to declare the rebrand of government and sovereign authority of reservation lands; this still does not add up to the debt of the attack upon the peoples and the stolen resources for the large cities, nowhere near. Chippewa, more likely the language of Ojibwa, with the location of Middle Michigan once his home near the modern Isabella Indian Reservation of the Saginaw Chippewa Tribal Nation, yet this location is very disputed and could have been among a vast encampment of the natives thousands of years ago. O lost holy Vanity, vanities of vanities are no more with this one, O deep sorrow.

Tsédeeshzha Dził (Mountain of Rocks)

Only two states over, the cold mountains of the Arcs of the Rocky Mountains oppose the Appalachia, yet sit nicely on the Coast, guarding the many western coast hills and deserts… two states, passing by the panhandle of Oklahoma, are Kansas to the North and Colorado near the south of the Rocky Mountains. Here at the basin are local stories of the finalized dreadful tale of the Wendigo. From his first placement in Death in Michigan, his tale has become one of the afterlife, where he explores the meanings of the Eastern cannibalism of Appalachia and the Islands in the Gulf. From his decaying wretch of the corpses in the underworld, the Wendigo serves as a malevolent and important figurehead of the darkness of Woe and deep pain within the blood of blood, human flesh to the bone: despite his unfortunate luck and void of lost direction, the Wendigo made his folklore path following the Mountains in Appalachia and the descendants of the Great Mississippi River, flowing through the Great Plains to the swamp of modern New Orleans. His tale was the sad remedy of a person's void from family departure, and the adharma of traditional values from the old ways of traditional tribe teachings, with Greed being a deadly sin of the Wendigo's advantage. Hiding behind a Moose skull from deep depression and adharma vanity, O terrible Woe. From the great descent of the river and the horrific tale of the Trail of Tears, described in modern terms of carnage, the Wendigo's second mask, worn in terror and pain, hides the second meaning of O white devil's curse. Passing to regions of the Navajo, the Great Western Nations

of the Four Corners. Colorado holds an exceptional regional view of the snow-capped mountains, where Winters and Summers seem to have differing temperatures. This landlocked climate has the lowest percentage in the Navajo region. Included in the three other neighboring states where the Navajo Nation is prominent and High in value to the folklore, where one particular tale is told of a magician who works quite similarly to the underworld test of the Wendigo:

In Navajo culture, the Skinwalker (known in Navajo as yee naaldlooshii) is a type of harmful witch who has attained the supernatural ability to transform into, or disguise themselves as, an animal. Unlike the popularized Hollywood version of a "monster," the Skinwalker is deeply rooted in traditional Navajo medicine and social taboos. O holy Jargensen, the second sequence of Death! The everlasting taste of the evils, now and the future.

Chapter Eleven: Wealth Earned Celebrity I

Я не позвоню! О, этот звон — твой Иблис здесь ослеплен.
СОЛОДКА ПІСНЯ У ФІЛЬМІ «МАСЛО ТА ПЯТЕРКА»

Starlog 3.11.2043 Introduction:

The “X” is ten. The ten bad bitches were commandments and the shining face man. These all are steortyped months of aging medical isolation and the mushroms that grow to make a new kingdom are the magical trail past the arched at the Loch, by the nymphs and standing tree and nice breeze.

The ten bad bitches are not only hebrew, but also hindu. The perfect mandalas of the Righ are the strings of magical dreams that harmonize and glimmer. O sacred humanity...

Ten is a non-existent number besides its relation with prime one, whom in turns a blind eye and folds by the metric stance of a totalled up. If a benjamin and one hundred is worth so much bone structure for this amazing ten to topple like a tower, so be the river of fragrance that brings home the wolves and the whores alike whom are beautiful, singing only songs of happiness, doomed ghouls.

I enjoyed learning about space and the eternal universe, a secret by the Ant’s mind, with the drag of his cigarettes and endless wine conversations only amounted to the occasion lift of a delightful pinkie at the bakery. Did the smoke of Ash go to the flames of the whispering winds when the heightened gold was toppled so victoriously, O electronic systems of yesterday, the new beginnings and new beginnings, only to show the three months instead of twenty. For sacred numbers of the sacrifice go a long way, end. Transmission. Numbers-completed.

The wolf plush of waves in the team stance to project the work of strength blessings met at the field to urge the underworld take over, why was it so difficult to remain the next swift breeze? The trials of Duat!

Moon man talks, astronaut log:

By body, sound, motive and perspective to master the four spirals of invisible jinked air or the relations in cut-glass shades of down-pouring matter dimensions are the recipe boundaries of this Æther matter in the discovered dimension in 1961. O dear, dearest air and good and bad and void and oxygen, the space between different stratospheres of the night might shame the least desirable. The clear intention to make a better world despite odds created the

lack of faith and reckless hate that divides generations in bomb warfare and battle scars of blood...blood shouted the yellow eyes. These not gold but sour like demon and lemons.

خامس بيرة رمضان

Stacey was running. Running through the squares, in fact, she was a square. By the looks of the universe and the stars:

Back to the future. Fine golden reminders. Soma juice, O holy Soma juice. Refill, only to hymn the devotion. Honor by those sir knights along the smoke ridden, witch streetman. Which doctor ? 魔女の医者？ maga medicus? Toubab! Toubab!

Metropolitan music played in eerie echo to Henry, who got closer by the sounds of the symphony. Henry, whose intolerable nature about everything rang for his *isolation.* Fighting demons? **Remains of the holy butter-glazed heated cakes and buttered-biscuits:**

★★★★★

Pluto Hadith— Frosty! 🥶

O Rosie Hymns of Maggie Valley The Mount Ski uno, the first day: I delivered the Rasta bracelet up the mountain with the help of my lagomorph evil. By thine right hand, I fell once and screamed, “Fucking motherfucker!” A delightful donkey and buffet were served afterwards. And a wish from the stars was more beautiful in the night’s wind that had the views of thirty miles. Perhaps that Cuban sandwich is a sueño reparador.

On the gigantic snow mountain, I was moving too fast: Mount Ski II. Länder aus Eis, Kälte, die Hügel der Skier und kurvenreiche Körper. From the river, the uproot, the due north routed from the Shone, the buffet of a million breakfast, and he, the wrestler, the one who laughed and wobbled to his plate, her nice body built the BET awards, they sat down with his red cap and her pearls.

Continuing north, the mule was fast, the dust of the highway was dry and sandy like the debris that went in the steady breeze. From the lands of the van, the wires led to the fields and mountains of weeds, yellow and grainy. The mountains were like a horizon that charmed and echoed curves to undiscovered lands. Through Maggie’s Valley were the stores and nice man’s kitchen, the mountain from the roads and skyline clouds met the truth of the double-sided hill. One snow, one grain.

The ticket master gave a nice smile and ran up the lift to find the top of the little hill, dropped by the overview of mountains, and a private feeling of speed. Snow-capped and adrenaline-rushed dropped from the hills, the many swerve and puddle splats. A nice man met Stacey at the top of the hill, her heart for eyes, the hill above called Black Diamond had ants crawling down, the temptation of a drop of a scary dropping hill, left by the twenty-first note, Stacey smiled and nodded to the purple glasses.

The second final drop was the adrenaline rush of 20 miles per hour as the hill slowed and went through the trees, swerved like a snake.

适度饮食 Chinese for: Moderate Diet. From the streets, through the circles, the man met his dues as the nice Staecy walked to the corner store buffet. She was wearing a red jacket to portray the great president. She bowed to the Pakistani who created them, as she sat down, he happily urged her to go eat. She got two plates, so many tasty meats, egg rolls, fried rice, the vanilla cake, and strawberry flan. Sipping purple Coke, she saw the neon, beautiful lights as the white horses greeted her.

A sparkle in her eyes was found two times, the future and the quiver of the orange neon in the pyramid shape. The sushi was nice. TAIPAOI, little fella that Won get punched.

From the corner, the nice man, the owner of the Chinese restaurant, was sad about his departure. He wanted to return to the white sheets, bamboo forests, of the coke-laced tables, white pages in knowledgeable books; he bowed his head. He was happy to give refills, but solemnly stood at the corner missing his homeland, and noted this land was full of Stacey's ancestors from the other side of the swang. The navy, purple, and pink neon echoed through the white tubes of the hollow booths.

The penny toad greeted "再见."

This has been a Rosie Weather Quarter—Rosie Wayne was ripping for a Toad. Though, the doomsday chatter clock struck twice, the followers of rapture were not of rapping paper like the present. The cold wine from the attic brought a smile for weeks to avenge a feeling when the dimension was shut off by a ravaged soul. Stacey teared up from time to time thinking of Charity's loss, though, she drank water and inspired that maybe she'd clink glasses with Charity Covher on the beach or on an island one day...someday. V.

Fuck a wedding ring, I stole a necklace. Golden were the arches of the men who walked in crimson uniform. They despised and hated with their guns to destroy the plans of others. In the desert, did the hopping trail of dust lead to

a miniature red eye, one so sharp and laser pointed to define the wrongs of the past? Stacey hopped down the trail in the woods to find sticks and stones, logs, and marshes tethered by pink streamers.

Should Stacey feel bad for all that had been inflicted upon her? Should Stacey harm the ignorant for their passings against what was shown? The golden snake stood over and shook its head in disapproval as the trees gave mist to a lake's hot day and mountains far reaching the horizon that stated, too, the end was but pink, flurries of lamb and sheep wool, the desolate dungeon of a mad scientist that only wanted peace. This peace was through meditation of the magical powers of self-determination and absolute truth, which meant a better world that was already planned out in community, in flesh, in karma, to the success of the blessed and rest, the loans? The next...episode.

The Seal was a dog, a dog that would go to lengths of appraisal. The harp shunned all evil demons of council and held the utmost clouds that ranged through the skies, day or night, the full moon from the broken islands of Canada. Ahmadullah. Dua, Dua, dw□. ٱلْحَمْدُ لِلَّهِ. Lights out, O morning.

These Beautiful Hymns and written with the essence and are cared, the note II**.** Send the axe through the door as an aplogie note and scrambling notice of informal regulations to center the attention on the most...redrum. red neon: With beauty's apparel, the appetite of the falling skies and restless void where the feet explode, the heat of uprising and the fall are equal to her, devoid in the darkness as I sir UN silence and only wish for a party to happen the next moment. Shocked between the chains of two moments linked and fanning over all my stress, my attitude turned from craving answers and satisfaction with transformation to the raised hands of grabless end between the webs and slime...the fallen. -ye & 2 my lost pal.

You know what? I've realized I am a lost boy searching through the curse of Moses to find where my father went to outer space and encalled me with his double-duce, the master winnings of the Willy guard, the running and bloodsport of lambs was over.

The numbers we'd confused to count was recalled under the street light of the closed-eye angel awaken street of the office lights. Closed, asleep heat. I realize I was running through pastures that were different that the ones blessed in youth, besides the betrayal of eleven and the Levite sword I own, cursed with my friend the golden dragon. *Exodus 37. The numbers?* The numbers turn to the underworld...glooming: on Wednesday s.o.s.

As the breeze gave way to the mountains echoed and glorious in trumpets, the trek found a chrysler and the locked door of a song house. “Ten bad bitches in a mansion.” said the murmuring echo of a deep, darkened voice of Blackjack. From the roam deserts of a forgotten wild west, a bandit was amidst the killers. End: transmission.

Chapter Twelve Sante Donne: Neverland

РОЗКІШНЕ ВОСКРЕСІННЯ

Stacey Date: Late March 2043.
9:05 p.m, message delivered to Stacey ✨ "*My door is always open!*" said Scarlett.
9:06 p.m, message delivered to Scarly!! "I'm def gon' be there 2nite," from Stacey ⭐.
9:07 a.m, message delivered to Stacey ✨ "Hard-core shii gonna have everyone blasted fr," said Scarlett.
9:08 a.m, message delivered to Scarly "lol. Ima have the best outfit there!" from Stacey 💫.
9:09 a.m, message delivered to Stacey ✨ "*Can't wait 2CU!*" said Scarlett.

Stacey attends the שני Party; Twelve Sante Donne.

Stacey felt warm inside, as if Scarlett was a sister from a past life; she was someone she'd known since early grade school and a loyal friend. She'd shown up to the search party; she was there the nights Elli needed rides to the movies and out of the trouble from city gangs. She was someone to embrace the shine of the light and the oldest sun in the galaxies. Manikya was cool, too, so badass in her leather and in her peeping aura, and martial skills.

Stacey ran down the stairs from her room. She blew out the match she had lit for her incense. She ran down the redwood stairs and creaked across the living room to see Karla sitting at the table, eating a bowl of fruit, gently. Her inner braces to her teeth had her nerves on edge, ouch! Past the waves of wind, her speed cast to the air, she looked over to see Karla reading a book.

"Whatcha reading, sis?"

"Oh, just a Greek novella and devotional. It is beautiful. Did you know the quartz marvels they have are about the same age as Jesus? Maybe older!" Karla said, smiling, tasting the nice mango, "Anyway, it is about this nice couple and...well, I learned there are 4 types of love. My last name is named after one of those, y'know. Love is the best feeling around to share! Agopov!" She said, raising her eyebrows.

"Yeah, that's super cool, sis," Stacey said, out of breath.

She eyed the outfit up and down, noticing every detail of the fine indigo skirt and plain white hoodie Stacey always wore, "Qué vamos?! You're not going out to Vegas again?! You'd better not!"

“No..." It’s a...party,” Stacey said, scratching the back of her head.

“Ay! Why didn’t you tell me??”

“The reason you’re reading about Greece, I guess. I dunno, I just keep things secreto.”

“No kidding, that's why you-” Karla stopped and gave me the pretty eyes of sorry and adoration, “You know I didn’t mean it.”

“Ofc not! Heh, anyway,” Stacey said, kicking the dust, “Will you cover for me?”

“Are you kidding? Like, ch’yeah. After all the times you had my back, I gotchu hermana.” Karla said with a wink and a flutter of her hair.

“Hey, don’t stay up too long on novellas. And try Italy next! Alicia Keys recommends that location!

“Okay, whatever you say! Bye, love ya!”

“Love you, too, bestie.” And Stacey dashed into the wind of the night, nearing ten o'clock on her golden watch. Temper time was ticking, and she had to keep warm as she fluttered to Elli’s house. Elli would drive the midnight rain to the suburbs to the Scarlets’ house.

★★★★★

In a Jersey for the Sacramento River Cats, labeled by 91, the California cowboy, in pity of rage, walked out of the strip club, sipping still from a cup of lean and alcohol he’d picked up since he was a kid. He took his jewels to his chest, after a decent nite of D.J. at the club, he was shitfaced and readied for a rage room or drive off the cliff. Either way, he was feeling good, maybe catch a bag from a ratchet bitch, maybe find his way to another bar at 3 AM. Either way, another average half-moon night for Don Jon. He wondered what happened to the days when he’d pop champagne with his siblings and tower of the streets with his gigs and breakdancing on the corner.

His braves were tired, and he got into his convertible, cranked the music from the local Jimmy in the studio, the local crows flew up in the midnight clouds as he revved and hit the town of downtown L.A. after a major bust from his shitkicking gig of keeping firearms to people’s heads. His headhunting days may have been over, just as his sane feelings, as he looked in the mirror at his bloodshot eyes from the molly. *I won’t hit that railing, I won’t hit that railing,* he said to himself.

Playing with death and making bird whistles hadn't worked for his last few contracts; even if he took the bullet to his own head, he'd be leaving too much investment behind. He called his connections to find some conversation at the bars downtown, yet no one picked up. He screamed and threw his phone, as he saw the neon lights of the dresses flashing up and tits for the bars of XXX and local crack sellers around the corners. Far off, he wondered if the high had been blown and if he should head home. Then he thought of her. Not his ex, his ex-contract. Her. That stupid fucking white girl that got away. All she had done was run. Running, running, running like the fucking rabbit. How'd she jump town? What'd she even do, taste the stall after feeling sick?? He could down 20...No, a hundred shots on her. But still God chose her? Where was the night leading to, still? Settling for the pain, the radio buzzed with static, and the messages began with the local radio host saying, "Yo, yo, I got a gig. Recently, kidnapped Stacey was found and is safe with her family. This song goes out to you, little homie, who needs to be shown love and to recover. Many of you may have similar incidents, and if so, this goes out to you. The next song: Cherry Bomb by the Runaways!

This man, Magic Don Jon, or some known by the borders as Don Juan, if y'all keep up with the Spanish game. DJ sped forward, inserted his Wu-Tang CD as rest to his raging ego, still on the hunch, on the loose with a Glock, spotting that goldie locks girl, he swore he'd find her and kill her double time. Only 26 years out of the womb, 18 in the game, as if graduation for the cash flow, slavery to the chains he bought was enough, he'd make things right and special for the game. He'd make this bloodlust worth it and alive. God of the Glock.

D.J.'s convertible Corvette, speeding too fast, dashed past the Classic Rebellion 40 GT, which drifted on the two-lane highway towards the next right, where a solemn brick house was. A nice house, made for its time, I should add, that the trap house looked fairly sustainable in the suburbs.

The two gals hopped out and crept to the door, drifting by the wind, two shadows in the midnight hour. Elli knocked on the door and looked through the peephole. There, it took a moment as Scarlett caught sight of the golden chain. "What is the password?" She asked in a deep, sinister voice, "I'm just kidding, come on in!"

Elli giggled as they stepped into the seemingly normal house. Already five people could be spotted vibing with cups and casually chatting amongst the lowkey chill beats, Mariah the Scientist, Latto, and Ice Spice. As Scarlett led

them to the kitchen, where Manikya was picking at a fruit with a switchblade, in her leather, of course, she gazed up at them with her hair covering one eye, “What’s up, y’all?” Manikya said, “Whatcha y’all want? Molly? Exst? We got some hardcore products.”

“Already starting, that was quick,”

“Yeah, what the fuck else you gonna vibe with?”

Elli covered her facial nerves with an angry look, as Stacey stood in front of Elli, “What she means is you feel the crowd when you take this shit.”

“Girl knows product,” Manikya said, smiling and nodding, pointing the blade at her and waving like a musical conductor.

“Yeah, I got this, and you only live once, day or night, you need to be high as a kite to make it worth it, bitches!” Scarlett yelled, looking at the few guests looking at her, “What? This is my house!” She continued to sip a cup of pills.

“Heh,” Stacey nervously laughed.

“So what will it be?” Manikya urged.

“Yo, I brought my ganga. Ima wait for a bit,” Stacey said, presenting the penjamin.

“Nah, that’s dope. Just lemme know when you're ready to see the white central creature of cosmic bliss.” Manikya said, suddenly, *deja vu* hitting Stacey, and the word “bliss” slurred many times into the deep darkness of a lower-toned echo. She shook it off, and Elli asked for reassurance. Stacey nodded, and they walked to the smoke-filled living room.

Scarlett tapped on Stacey's shoulder and pulled her aside. She gazed at Elli, who was taken by Manikya. They casually chatted while walking to the bedroom doorframe, and Scarlett turned to look Stacey in the eyes, “Y’know, I know about the Æther.”

“The [!.]-” Stacey began, but shook off what she couldn’t comprehend. She wondered if Death was lurking nearby.

“Does violet ring a bell??”

“Uh...How do you know that?”

“I’ve seen Death many times, girl. A personal favorite god of mine. Tweaking comes with the perks of visiting the realm of spirits, y’know. Besides that, you were not clean to hide your tracks in the city. And that night you went missing and the secrets you've been keeping from her,” Scarlett said, nodding to Elizabeth, who was laughing with Manikya.

“I...I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“Come on. There’s no way you fly a jet and don’t tell us. You have been lying to her, of all people. Why?”

“Because, Vee (code name for the secret group of kids who have known each other since childhood), gang, how the fuck do I explain I jetted off to Japan and returned with a fever the next day? The sun does not set in the East!”

“Japan?! Man, He took you there of all- what? Kyoto? Are you some kind of ninja blood?”

“That’s not the point. What is Æther?”

“There are many theories. Many. You are obviously not the first to find it, but you are the first to the world you found. All the worlds are internal in the mind, that’s how you access the dimensions, within memories and DNA at the central nerves of the lizard brain. It is some kind of medical treaty drug discovered to have fallen after the First World War.”

“Holy fuck, it is that old?!” Stacey gasped in awe. A few people who weren’t drunk looked over and shrugged it off. Two more bitches came through the door, obviously two friends of Scarletts. Average high schoolers.

“Hold on, I’ve got to be a decent hostess.”

“Yeah, yeah. You got it.” Stacey said, giving an awkward thumbs up and hitting the Penjamin inside value. She walked over to Elli, who was done chatting and sitting quietly in thought and vibing to Latto.

“So, are you enjoying this place?”

“Uh, yeah. Yeah, there’s a vibe here. Not my kinda overdose dream but y’know, the colours and strobes are legit.”

“Do you like Manikya?”

“What?” Elli looked with a sharp, stunned face, “No, no. We are just friends.”

“That’s what I was asking, what the hell did you think I meant?” Stacey asked, cocking an eyebrow.

“Nothing. Nothing. She’s just cool…y’know.”

“Yeah. That leather jacket is fucking amazing to me.”

Elli giggled, and the two made their way over to the few sober and intact teenagers. One girl was already passed out, sleeping on the sofa. Aliens and trapozoids and waves of rainbow snakes were in their visions, though. You could see it in their extended pupils.

“So, have you ever flown to Mars?” Katinka said, obviously, on the molly.

“Yep. Sure have!” Stacey said, hooking her elbow.

“Rad.”

Scarlett joined the three as the third wheel and hung her hands over both their shoulders to break up the little convo. “Hel-lo.” She said, rolling of the tongue, “Just had to greet Angie and Ivanna.”

“Heh, aren’t they cheerleaders?” Elli asked.

“Yeah, but what cheerleaders don’t think about trying drugs?” The two in front had a narrow, jaw-dropping confusion as Katinka raised her hand. The moment went on for a solid moment, unless the drugs were being a master at playing time, and Scarlett rubbed Elli’s head, “Anyway, you should definitely check out Manikya’s knife collection.”

“No!” Elli demanded.

“Huh, sheesh. Okay. Stacey?”

“Uh, sure.”

Elli looked at her and punched her shoulder. Stacey shrugged. Scarlett grabbed her hand and flew across angles, as her hair caught in the wind and into Stacey’s face before they were in another room, where in a glass case all the different coloured blades sat like they were going to be sold. “So, I still don’t want X?”

“Nah, not right now.”

“Don’t be a pussy!” Scarlett said, smiling with her eyes closed. Stacey shook her head in disbelief. “But, listen. The violet conversation.”

“Yeah...yeah. Was it like a classified substance or something?”

“Kinda. The governments thought it was alien. It was found in America, in different colours, y’know. Snakes were attracted to it from their radiating heat. Scientists tried to pick it apart. They tested it in Alaska to be safe, but the Russians got hold of it and soon the Japanese. Soon, Pervitin and Methamphetamine were their sons. But their extreme radiation had an atomic bending formula that scrambled the world alike. Anyway, the cosmic significance of the rock is unbelievable. My uncle had a violet one, that is how I know all of this.”

“Wow, what the fuck episode of Ancient Aliens did I walk into?”

Scarlett giggled and brushed her auburn hair, “It’s not that simple. They are cosmic. They are inter-dimensional. They are angelic and demonic. They are stone and yet not material. So radioactive they create their own gravity.”

“Crazy shit,” Stacey said, nodding to the music.

“Only sum at a molly party.” Suddenly, the voice slurred again, and Stacey’s heart dropped as she recognized the voice. She looked over to see

Scarlett's make-up fading and a dark-red shadow holding Scarlett's shoulder. From her breath-taking, pale, and perfect red lipstick, the shining reflection of the smoke smiled from the vision of the beautiful al ojitos-rojos of the shadow realm, the perfect woman in skinny shape and make-up desire, something only billionaires could talk to. Her red eyes reflected the golden shade of her iris, which haunted Stacey. Her heterochromia had golden eyes at the center, and the demon was obviously mimicking her. Scarlett gazed back over to see Stacey's fear. "What is the matter?"

"The- the-" Stacey began, pointing.

"The neon? The lights?" Scarlett asked, then laughed, "Don't let the drugs get to you."

"No, no. I knew who that was-"

"Don't. Let. The drugs. Fuck. You. *Deja Vu,*" Scarlett said, before pattering and tapping Stacey's shoulder and skeeting off to the other guests. Death. Death was just there with Stacey, looked at her, and conversed with her. The knowledge she prayed for in a pentagram was returning in the form of a drug-dealing Maître d'hôtel. Her nerves on edge, she ran to Elizabeth for comfort.

"Elli, Elli. We've got to go!"

"Stacey, what the hell?!" Elli shouted as the drink was spilled onto Stacey. This was the first time Stacey ever saw Elli trying to drink and laughing along with Manikya, the benefactor. She stared at Elli, "Great going. My clothes are soaked!"

"Listen, we have to get out of here," Stacey whispered, which did not matter with the vibes of everyone in their own zone.

"Listen, what freak shit are you on??" Elli asked. Suddenly, the violet shadow with red fangs and spiralling eyes arose behind Elli, and Stacey shook her head.

She ran out the door, with a few concerned, and Stacey hopped in the passenger seat and covered her head. The hallucinations? No. PTSD? Maybe. Fuck it was not a good idea to sneak out. Suddenly, Stacey looked at the time, now 1:31 AM, and Mama was calling. The buzzing edged Stacey to the brink of fear, and she felt her skull was not even safe. She knew she had to pick up the phone on god. *This is Hell.* The demands and shouts led Stacey to a new sense of fear and betrayal. Karla tried her best; she knew that, but fuck. This was not the best time. And when she hung up the phone, with the windows closed, she

screamed. Not a sound peeped, but relief flushed Stacey in a shaking sensation, as if fearful of what she might do next.

The light of the moon grazed the lawn lightly and gave a shadow of the lawn tree. The voices of the future echoed until she realized Elli was tapping on the glass with Scarlett beside her. She was slightly crying, and she looked in the mirror to see her eyeliner smudged, “Fuck!” Stacey said, not remembering much of what happened. She began to see all black.

The dark clouds began to spiral, and within the cloaks, men who revealed a path, the throne belonged to the long, grey-haired, purple figure, with blood drool and an offering of two golden eyes. The two golden eyes began to morph into two heart cufflinks.

As Stacey turned to look at the mirror, she saw herself in the red suit for her hotel job, cuffing the hearts by the wrists and razor ends, four total by her neck and hands. She was afraid, shaking, and only noticing a glimmering light of life in her right eye. Her hair was a hot mess. She turned again and realised this was a hallucinatory dream. A nightmare? There was not much control as she began to walk on a stone path and realised this was not a dream, but the nightmare realm, the Dark Kingdom, opposing Fantasy. She noticed the ruined columns holding up the bars to the roof overhead.

As she looked forward, the stars of dust began to forget gravity, and there were two eyes. Two glimmering lights, the colour of the sun far away in the darkness. Overhead, the moon still shone, giving Stacey the confidence of a thousand knights. She knew that she could work some magic here, use sorcery to fight any demons that crept up.

In her pocket, she found the violet crystal, tethered like an amulet. She grabbed it within her palm and focused energy on her hand, where the crystal extended to become a razor-sharp sword. A dagger two-times the size of her head and glimmering ever without the stars of the heavens, now only the flaming stars of Stacey’s eyes. She looked ahead to see al-ojitos rojos now closer. The two beady red eyes that focused the control of this land, she fell dead when the lights went out.

Then, as the lights appeared like that in an interrogation room, she found herself in the navy blue ocean-lit room, cold and trenched. Stalagmites from the roof dripping dew, and a throne of charred bones and daggers built for a person of ten feet. On this throne, the Dark King himself sat. The black figure of chiselled black, crisp, pointed metal, as if he were crafted from metal cemetery fence posts. As sinister as *The Lich, He* had no mouth. Only his eyes stared

from across the room, with his bored stance of tension, he was a befallen knight, a smudged mistake in the abyss, a King of all the slaves that dared oppose him in this underworld stretches of dark matter that reached the edge of Stacey's universe.

He lifted his head slightly, then immediately stood up and shook the cave, the cold air brushing off of him like an atomic bomb's reaction and wind gusting to chill Stacey's spine. She bowed to a crouch in fear, as he stood with heavy breathing, as if he had lungs under and a steel mask. Darkness flooded him, not worse than Death. But his fallen, crisp, glooming crown of rusted steel was a Kingdom Stacey couldn't oppose without consequence. For she knew not where she was or how to escape. Though the vibration and mental location were very similar to Tenebras exteriores. Here, he began walking closer, slouching and dragging his feet in weight. He was a menace.

Stacey stood up with her ripped cape of velvet and golden-lined royalty and picked up her violet companion, the double-edged sword she would behead this fallen king with. She began running towards his heavy steps.

As the two met, he used swordsmanship skills to block Stacey's counter with his rusted steel blade, that of a crystal charm between the cross. He held it up with speed and agility, as if he was bluffing about his strength and only depressed by some other unnatural force. His beautiful eyes, however, were the spiralling insanity he'd seen with Vanity and al-ojitos rojos that appeared in dark spirits before. Were they related? *Vanity...I mean, and this massive hunk of metal?* The two clashed swords, from right to left, from the air, to the sides, and sparks flew to the ground, burning what little shrivelled life the fallen leaves had left. Finally, he looked to the charms that sparkled, the diamonds and snakes that coiled on his crown, and she knocked it with the violet. The crown went tumbling down and clattered on the ground.

With instant win, the video-gaming dings went off in Stacey's ears, and she saw the heavy man burst into light as he lifted his hands in defeat, death, and agony...possibly. She ascended, with golden beams from the moonlight, to reflect and find her blurry vision at the centre of the lawn. She felt the foam from her mouth and looked above, to see Elli fanning over her. "My God, my God! Stacey, don't ever do that again!" She shouted, hugging Stacey to where her lungs were taken by tense force.

"Elli!" Stacey choked out, "Smoker lungs…"

"Right," Elli said and helped Stacey back to her feet. Her Jordans nicely met the ground.

“Dude, you were passed out for like...a minute.”

“Still!” Elli shouted.

“Yeah, that’s pretty fucked up,” Manikya commented.

Stacey felt around to find that the violet crystal was not with her physically, only in spirit. However, within her pockets, she found three golden rings. She questioned the meaning, but gazed into Elizabeth’s heartfelt green glimmering eyes to take her to safety. “My mom called.”

“Oh, shit!” Manikya said.

Elli carried Stacey over towards the passenger door and opened it like a lady, as she went to the driver's side and revved the engine. “Sorry, we couldn’t stay longer!” Stacey shouted.

“This was...eventful, anyway. Bye!” Scarlett waved, and Elli tore off into the night. Stacey pondered on the crystal as the trees passed in vision. *The Æther.* It was a power unlike any opposing force. A highlands glimmer that took vision from perspective and from motives, like a dream, but within a material plain, like a computer. These combined to create the crystal clear vision, the razor-sharp sword that could tackle demon kings and use the double-sided swing to manifest between dimensions. It was a spiritual relic, rather than Snake-given. Little did Stacey know the significance, the key to the matter held within Charity’s riddle about the three and what the three rings she’d manifested represented other than the safe rules of competing in the spirit world against gasoline-flaming monsters.

Stacey sat in the car, watching the forests roll by on the horizon that were the dreadful hangover of whom she’d have to face at home. *Home was home. Yet, home was angry?* Most did not have the chance to say that. Anyway, the desire to return there was so far out of this country. Maybe she’d move to “Colorado” instead of being swept up by the Tornado in Kansas.

“Hey, we’ve all had that moment when a parent is angry and about to beat our ass because we’re late- not to say that’s what's going to happen…”

Stacey stared at her reflection, realizing she’d seen the anger of her parents before...and then Death...and now repeat. By her lucky stars, did she wish tonight would pass by fast. And...Well, the time did. The drunken memory had numbed the exterior, and understanding the yelling was definitely engraved in Stacey when she cried, yet she understood nothing afterward and realized her high had prevented her from retaining Jack- before she knew it, she was in bed resting, and the thunder crackled through the sky to cast rain on the tin roof.

This tornado of a thunderstorm…in self-doubt crowed the various men in Stacey's life into one room of thought that made the visible ghosts crawl from the abyss to the dimlit creation of interviews and provoking imagery to establish the rounds and rounds this gun and glass of NYC relentless at recharging.

O unholy Iblis by the $niper.

And you have made them a kingdom and looking up by land, air, and sea, did the demons and messengers seek refuge in the molds of how the sky was designed. The creatures from mania, creeping in caves and land crawlers gave their advice to the man and emerged victorious by standing up on two legs. The Lamb is a blessing and honor and glory.

O man slayer—hanging man, blood on the trees. The one who wears a golden chain does wave but with many flames. The one with the gun lives forever and dances with the many flames.

The twelve states by the eye council, within heaven are 24, due the neighbor continues to love. For twelve guardians, two identities. Always did twelve abodes in judgement by the celestial realms to intimidate the one common action all humans have for each other—Agabov. Let the hate flow like rivers, only that when relieved of mature posts does the land and realization of a Law which a world can be civilly rationalized…Love thine neighbor and help them out of the ditch.

For death is the smoking breath and independence of LORD, meaning a single god takes action in pawn effort or negotiation spiritually bound. The Room of the Chastity and golden man who slayed the son of a king rattled behind the last script of Numbers. ⛧

Stardate: March 10-12, 2043.

Captain's Log: three days admissions chamber. The screeches of Violins. The symphonies of dead old white guys and the composed group of appreciated instruments. On a holiday event, so royal, so grand, soaked by wine and the grains of sands that are falling out of my ankles from my shoes is awful; a traditional sense of loathing takes eleven days to go from O town to the top of the mountain. Thirty minutes between concrete and nature foot-work, forth in the mountains, in the western foothills, O sacred and holy rivers of due property, you bags of children the same as the timing in darkness may create the moonlit trial.

Dream World: When I was eleven, the double-doom happened when I witness a second divorce, this shook the inner me of whether my family was

real and the mechanics of this second trauma only the origin of my negligence after a short time when I was born, the darkness evades me now of the total fake pain it takes for these Wednesday, I the behavior of my ego protected under the six dark wings of truth bound within my hearings, the first approach of a single sailor's wish off the boat during the Orion in Spain, "¡¡¡DESEO RIQUEZA, FAMA Y SABIDURÍA!!!" the pentagram shouted, for the deep dreams of beyond the rainbow fields and houses of eyes, the translation of the year for a deep descendant, the young gift of a pyramid scheme, if anyone is safe in the entire world for the collapse of hatred? Right? Nothing bad should happen amidst we sleep and in the abyss sometimes dream, outside the ocean of awakened dreams and the ship's salt against thieves and shaken crabs that steal wallets! The night time is only a faint glimmer of a light or television program.

Awoken, I'm chosen to march the fighting equipment before travelling to the midnight simmer of noise as the birth of Neverland VHS static man. The duckling in the radioactive suit waves and runs along the sparkling lit trail into the forest.

Neverland

On the first Night, O Wendy. Alone, floating in hyperspace, Stacey laid on her bed tossing the softball in the air as the bored stretched like a discriminating tree in the back of her mind and the intense dimensional travel she'd been through and she just wanted to settle down with some nice jazz, wine, something calming and look past the new nuclear age at war with the looming century-anniversary of Oppenheimer's discovery! Such a fantasy to fade away with money and investments to move political tactics every so often and golf every lunch because you hate it. The life of wealth is not sewed with a small thimble, but a tomahawk! Release the urge to chop trees for profit and understand the vast dungeon of looming monsters to punch and battle through this continental size, final of the five through the Louisiana rice make up your mind.

The power of song and the power of might was the all batterers surveyed the darkness and said "Konpai" to a lonely ballerina who played with her hands tucked on the bench, there, the heavenly glow of the red neon formed the shadow outside, as if under the sea this looming translucent undertone was the red light and the darkness was nothing more than parental influence selfish prious whom may endure the rays of the sunshine no more or less, just to feel the strength of my inventions and replace this society with the capable to resolute trade equally?

On the second Night, O John...This imaginative dimension where book becomes reality is the folklore and myths of the three children who play by the window and midnight stars, that beyond the ball grounds and grounds shaking the disco ball to the reflection of a drink, the poison, of a thousand conversations and one in this moment.

Cinnamon SLAAP via bombasticly strong reacher.

O eleven, the dear slave, the poor test dummy who had been slaughtered over the many years, the grand Levites could not leave bloodlust and the Lord's wrath alone by the pit of iron and cold steel, the working of brotherhood muscles for the guns of tomorrow! The trumpets hymned over the future, can I see the future? The third revolution of a disbanded group by the golden arm and husk of the sages simmerings and flame sprouts by the flowers of the flesh!

African dill, you are a nice relish. Be the spiral snake to the home lands of central solar and the bending of gravity by equal tides, the young toad marched with frivolous notes and high expectations. A newly crowned prince under the spell of cash's forested pine flu.

He was guarded by the country's appointed, four strong men with muscles and ARs.

Two bottle caps left from this nuclear revolution had the cane of existence for the sprite of a hot afternoon, the pit and the gate's transfer like bed and up-right to the break of rays of sunshine to the East, the garden and pits and snakes offer a decent handshake for a collected afternoon around the block. In love, indeed? "In love with everything I see," the fame of the golden rims made the robe easily noticeable abound the smoke and about the flair of pink. You should know who is commander in chief in this household!

Golden Freddy, leader of five, the chosen beast thrown from the wolves, the shadow of the golden blade when the year was 1666, the transfer power of an unshakable reality? Jeff.

Those two beating eyes of flames, al-ojitos rojos sit with me trying to depend on her strength as king of the island. The palm trees are swaying while coconut trees agree and say it's all right, what happened to that road? The river, the coating of the cafe where the service was plentiful, pasture and dine. A hotel sat solemn, peace making in the room of one big family. All cherished endgame to the dreams pinned on the wall, my daughter and wish to my grandmother. O frier, the destined sire who helped along a wounded soldier, he the best friend as well, sly as a fox, the grave showed the jackal-headed man nodding and waving a skeleton hand. The spilled vodka on the table.

Yeezite, to travel through the notes of Muhammad's strict laws, first moses, but as the bomb grows bigger, intensity of the allah sharades toppings of ice cream and revolution when drinking was a military smile away.

Sly fox, jumping fox. The orange man who held books of wisdom and essence with the spider-gods and the cheers of closeted angels that are meant for the tidings of the boreilas.

O dearest for whom I love singing for: many doctrines can not contain my love to the beauty of the shimmering, glimmering time of direct head slashing. Remain the writer I am with a pen name against time, the ticking of Roman sentences that only lead me back to my own name, O ♄, O holy Ra.

Rocks the boat, the fellers who tried to show up as the directions, the shimming suit of stripes and shark smile behind the red door. What was behind the red door? What is behind a star?

By the endings and tidings, dressed in the blazed orange directions of the peace, the Eggos were demolished after the cooked grasshopper amulet. This Texas ranger was not out of ideas when the triple became one identity and delayed the final glass of milk which trailed like a line of cocaine that was the ice cream in the freezer. The frozen selection brought on the translucent rainbow rays that evolved to the soundtrack of the 1960s movement.

The endings? The Sir knights of the Holy hoppings on a spice trail. "WHEN I'M ROLLING THROUGH MY ENDS, THOUGH" said the two years and tears of a star among the 2018, the beloved smiling knives down. The end was the year after the y2k failure and the building fell from grace, of the destruction and fire among the land to cause a drought and a dust bowl war of the radio sequence.

Travelling through sounds Stacey found herself delighted.

Waffles, waffles? Pancakes, pancakes? The cake dough, sweet cakes, chastised with butter! No lemon! The mistake is the lemon! Waffles, waffen. Guns, guns, and illegal house-sitting troops, *the 3rd amending fuck you, off my lawn.*

I ate those Eggos, double-downed.

From the shadows, looming in grease and beautiful crispy chicken was the amazing sunshine behind a cloud. The atomic explosion of a star behind a raining cloud over the Zaxby's that day...Raine pulls up in a leather-bound jacket and swats a gang sign as the clouds are spiralling towards a hot tornado.

The troops of the days could not compare to lillies and daisies smashed, not that anyone preferred anything that wasn't in black and white sealed to a

fate of eternal torture in tradition or inspiring madness in the real world where adventures could be cursed.

O dream scape draw near as the pillow of my island of lost boys fell, the xenomorph always lurks by the shivering teeth. The dome shape of a drone's mission for death that isn't ant size but the size of a boned man, the corner of a breathless 8-feet tall crisp onion and mint creeper in front of ya!

King Seal laughed happily, on his pillow as he now asserted political entitlement of the sofa, from changing his name from brother Seal. Long live the standing dreams of the shadow to the corner, the two blinking lights that lead to the rainbow.

The ever-blushing colours in all shades and drooped infinity, Raine nodded that on this mission, Stacey joined her friend Scarlett and Manikya to Nancy Drew the third day of an execution of the doctor? Tea awaits, O Star Anise: Tea tum, hehe!

Frequently used to add a distinct licorice-like sweetness and depth, often considered a standout, essential ingredient in many recipes. Marsch!! The third day, huh? After the repeated torched attitudes of shame, did the week amount to a week. The week of creation of Pan. The third day was not even half of this, O sacred Pan, O second Friday the 13th.

Stardate: March 17th, 2043.

The fire blazed for tradition. The tribes hurtled towards the creator of the creation: the vision of the late afternoon, the young storyteller, was bound with pixies and left by the golden flares of a sunset to the night's hour of a clock, the golden hymns of the four directions.

They grunted and banded together as no operation disbanded by the smearings of crackles far off, let the gun flares and booms come near to be tidings of war and revolution for the ideals of the art of the deal. For this went on for seven days and a morning of seal silence. D.J. Revolver.

The shadow was the old devil!

Don't deny O Peter more than three paces, for the shadow of embarking on the trials of Judas and the match made with crocodile's teeth in abandonment means the death of you, O comrade!

If in the final mentions, after the ten bad bitches. For the times sake of change, may everlasting like a tornado and breeze striving over the Atlantic ocean and hoping to shake hands in agreement to the mention of the sounds of peace!

So such a statement under the articles of timeline gives the engaging sense. In addition to *ten bad bitches*, referring to the first ten chapters, the right to the negative second of thought was given as peace, a journal of Stacey's actions: Chapter Negative Two of Hymns...these hymns contain the flakes of Abaddon, with these hidden words— and mentions the Great curse of a destroyer, that the inner human wants to give the explosions the worship despite their tactics of fear, the saints are driven by knowing these channels of adventures that are pieces of a holy keeper of knowledge, only true seeker of knowledge who has mastered the German-invinted Æther from the alien stars.

O yes, this was the second time she had invented the spirits of the crystal into her life, O the second time! By rounds of these bits, she scrambled like eggs to find herself and collect for an audience?

Hymns of the Destroyer

👁‍🗨**Stardate: Halloween 2042 | 2020.205.**

O Great Lucifer, great spirit of everything Vanilla and blonde toxins of the strands. The beautiful, lush hair of the highlanders in Scandinavia, a cursed tongue to speak, the Slavic tongue of hissing Roman commands, the somber like the islands of Greece, temples of garments that are all black, convinced that one is a shadow within the night.

The old graveyard in the back of a house carries the family history and bones of uncles whose tusks were grave in the civil war history and Great sail boats that only managed by the liquor stored in the cabin to live before the scorching sun in four directions burns holes by the forest and fires erupt the west side for smoke drizzles of the sky create dreary and gloom days from fire is smoke and from smoke grey the heavens are toppled less even when the stars come out and the night time full moon is a smudge of light in the cold nights of the ice cracked lake, the frozen walk way in nature where an animal may roam but a human may drown for the last breath in fifteen feet of soil and roots near the bottom.

The night was, however, an eclipse. When the breeze and winds of cold pass from the falling leaves and cover the yard with yellow dry fields, no corn may be ripe for the ripe season of the sun over the mountain that may provide the year's crops. O winter was on the way, and the day so hallowed by the blazing fires in Ireland, may the same bonfire to redefine ginger pony so that one who treads the civil rivers may pass a few dollars for a crack at the Asian

fern, the za, the euphoria, the moon's tracker, the amazing breeze of Maui Waukesha.

See the winds blow down, spiraling trees to form the rocking of roots and limbs by everlasting and ever-passing time when the circle of nature related to the land may return to another sun and focus, yeah, back in rotation.

For the night fell short by the howling of coyotes and dogs and the clear spot between the fields of cows and red barns that the road led thirty minutes from the nearest market and claimed in an old porch with several important belongings, Vladimir smiled as to meditate on the white quartz rock below the porch or jump and run the downhill fields. There, in between a patch where the white clouds move like snails chasing the North, those white fluffy clouds were separate, and an almost full rising moon was planted to rise and meet the evergreens when the stars presented themselves, and dawn met the East, O kiss of the morning for the sun, O holy Ra.

This white man had his makeup and sparkles this Halloween evening. When the folks left for Tina's party, the land was alone, and the white man had access to everything grand before the night's end.

I see those mighty golden rings. By sunset, an evil grin grew on the man in black's face, for he rubbed his chest with the golden rings over the golden seal of a red amulet on silk ropes. Hanging by his neck, the fortune from his castle only an eyeball's payment, he took off into the crisp night, for the cold of the winds and dropping temperatures didn't, the cold winter had plans to creep up upon the fallen leaves, left unknown blood on the leaves, the naked trees of burning wood for the skeleton of nature, the fire wood, O blazes. For the dropping of ice when the shift of a pole made the sun turn the other cheek and find snow and frost, the breath of man in the tick of noon, the night had met the hover of dim light passed the mountain.

Passed the wood chips, O unholy firewood for the sacred burnings. Let summer devour and take cover in the food for flames, the field of wood chips was present to let the flames of Hades take the land, in waiting for the winds of fire to blaze the land when Spring turns to Summer and time is as long as a thought on Gin.

For passing the wood chips and finding a flat earth among a circle of some boulders and chipped rocks, the firewood bought from the local Indian market was a success in the tobacco leadings, the smoke break led to this glorious election of firewood, may please the man wearing his golden royalty and black garments from Romania, he trek to this fire space to light flames!

O hallowed night, for the crisp evening of dawn,n let the spirits roam as death is near. The trees know it and have shed their coat for a new cycle, and the white ghosts who sat on the edge of the tree limbs watching passed the few weeds that sprouted, the fire was to be a celebration. O ginger pony was to light the festival of Samhain. Bliss for the heat in the cold night and...

The fire was a failure under the moonlight, the screams of an engine returned the elders for a night of dry lights and the television was where dinner was prepared, while Stacey slept in the camper mostly, paying attention to those velvet sheets. The television screamed the classics booms, as Stacey curled pasta and ate of the tomatoes. She had a thought, regarding the dead? For if the dead were more, and the dead are one, and the dead have individuality like we humans do, then how is God everywhere, yet rule the dead and the living, checking on the “other side” of hidden shifts in the twilight zone or dead lands or islands of the dead? Where do the dead souls join to become mystical acts of nature? Why do they write about us and praise us, O Earth man? Why do they read scriptures for us? O wisdom, come to me, again!

For the night of Halloween, I (Stacey) held my physical idols and kept a note of the Spider, who wrote the ending favors of the first chapter in the perfect “twelve sante donne 'abdi.”

For the ending was the beginning, by the shouting the brother’s tone, when a meal crawling up the bricks of main and meeting sweet ghosts, O goldie locks, the black ink was a second charm, whom from the corner store shouted and named “N” felt like heart surgery and was a charming stink for a fire guardian! O praise the fire guardian! O praise the flaming scripture of Winds of furious Fire from Mazda and the gods who are one God yet present many wonders and ecstasy among the wild! Let the castles of lava be known by the ant hill, O Islam led snake smiles! O praise the fire guardian, for She checks my heart with heat to know what is right. And all was right, Kiari…! Notes from the red-pen on O celebrated— Dia de los Muertos.

Stardate: Late March 2043.

O Venus: Hymn of the Iraqi Star—Trigger, ye savage manic of Power? Hear: the legend of the beauty is the insanity of perfection, an idea such as a racially pure country for the Scandinavian to have a long-guarding and ruthless of the savage crystal beast bloodthirsty stars, O militant when the anger turns from the changing of the minorities and illuminating the problem for change and selfish-centred authority of Atum… ye Oppenheirmer. Boom! The legend is cleared and deceased, termed “deceiving” because of prolonged authority

against the guns and so forth of charge, where the north and snowfall to lure armies into the blood on the snow. Blood on the Snow. Let ye armies fall, and republics turn to states of the puppets, for the ghosts of the bloodthirsty lamb is out and savage, lasting with hound teeth and taking victims to those who do not let the door pass of a blood-marked or symbols bearing the Deuter, ye Duat, O rivers and dunes of darkness? Why does Jesus fail against his criminals and send the high thinkers away when the Art of Pretending by Stage by Magic by All ye Rivers, O Tigris, O Euphrates. Big footprint.

O An, Sacred An of the meso plains of sand and dunes of the eldest living Gods to direct man to victories of Empire and strife of national pride against the rivers, O Tigris, O Euphrates! Hymn for Anupreme, O great An and the destroyers. O An, please be accepting of the four potions and two pixies, the six next adventures so Grand, thank thee. Thank the gravity of the waves and drink O soma O ye asalam Bahghdad waters.

O timeless, pure An, Supreme leader in Meso, pleasing the waters and blessing the tidings, O holy, clear One: for five thousands years you have sages humanity in blessings of shelter and the multiplying race of the red sea and the gulf and the Iranian's holy men and holy temples of feeding temples in the heavens for vultures to find within the bones of our ancestors, O holy blessings in the lands of Mesopatamia when the civilization deemed humanity's first city and council, O jolly Adam, O peg-land pirates, O civil skies have driven the streaks like paintings to reveal how the lands and descendants would climb towers for glory, to seize the throne with an iron first and bloodshed on the hands, O holy red hands of blood, rather the taste so much better of holy flesh in the hebrew's prey, let the Satan be among the children so that the Hebrew's may tremble and get a goat slaughtered for a household God, for let the spirits of Iraq, O holy rivers, stay in the lands where they must survive via the coward's child, O filfthy jews, O taste-worthy flesh Se è veleno, usa il Cristo per adornare la cagna e scacciare il demone. O Spirito, unico Dio! Falls das Gift aus den Gasduschen Haut und Fleisch verseucht hat, werft es auf den Friedhof, statt es selbst zu verspeisen. *If the poison from the gas showers has contaminated the skin and flesh, then cast it onto the graveyard instead of consuming it yourselves.*

"Alastor shook his head at the immense chaos unleashed with Set's excellent plan. He was a shockingly stable sabre-toothed God against the dunes of high stakes. They clinked cheers of Ale from overseas, the lagoons of the Gulf at night, O Louisiana, how thine Atlantic, African, Arab, Red Seas have

parted with descending roots, O roots of the holy Nile! Hail the holy Ra, sunshine of the day that the tidings of the court shall be divine in charm. With Charm removed? What chaos hath the scheme of Love in the course be achieved??" said Jargensen, faintly.

The fumbled mutters of the darkness barely harkened to an echo...silence, like that of the emptiness and void of space where no echoes create the tension of dreadful timing...lost in the black abyss. In the lonely road home from the end of Spring Break's passion week and the roll of dice with Elli: through books untraceable, the glow of purple ink and shrouded legends of the sciences and elemental and shadow and ice realms, beamed by the travel of particles," spoke O dangerous Abaddon.

Letter XII de Muertos

Four Nice Things About the Dead Ones.

From: Starr.

Stardate: August 26, 2026.

Tim Currey, Dolly Parton, and Peter Cullen, may they rest in peace and have the stars to play upon midnight of Hallow's eve:

When Hallowed Voodoo,

You do, may the Lord keep you in peace.

Let the tidings of the circus not blow away,

Yet forever be the mystical bond of your youth 🎈

St. Maria:

Severely, you have warmed the hearts of the hours which you have sang your heart for the people, and now it is time to give back,

For the red ink and the body that lies to rest shall not be endured until the day of judgement,

Yours truly, be a butterfly in the sky during Halloween that the stars may align and the cold chills find you no more, truly, like the warmth of the East Tennessee sunrise.

Mr. Cullen, may you rest in peace,

As I try to remain optimistic the rest of my days.

With the All Spark gone, we cannot return life to our planet. And fate has yielded its reward: a new world to call home. We live among its people now, hiding in plain sight, but watching over them in secret, waiting, protecting. I have witnessed their capacity for courage, and though we are worlds apart, like us, there's more to them than meets the

eye. I am Optimus Prime, and I send this message to any surviving Autobots taking refuge among the stars. We are here. We are waiting.

Our races are united by a history long forgotten and a future we shall face together. I am Optimus Prime, and I send this message so that our pasts will always be remembered, for in those memories, we live on.

Scarlett was born anno domini 30a.d. This is after the brothers were taken by his hands and his aorta was severed upon the cross.

Chapter Thirteen: Trapped in the Sun

Peter Pan Biography.

ВПЛИВ АЛКОГОЛЮ.

Stardate: March 2043.

Thy Sun God O which is named O holy Ra: O Venus: Hymn of the Iraqi Star—Trigger, ye savage manic of Power? Hear: the legend of the beauty is the insanity of perfection, an idea such as a racially pure country for the Scandinavian to have a long-guarding and ruthless of the savage crystal beast bloodthirsty stars, O militant when the anger turns from the changing of the minorities and illuminating the problem for change and selfish-centred authority of Atum… ye Oppenheirmer. Boom! The legend is cleared and deceased, termed "deceiving" because of prolonged authority against the guns and so forth of charge, where the north and snowfall to lure armies into the blood on the snow. Blood on the Snow. Let ye armies fall, and republics turn to states of the puppets, for the ghosts of the bloodthirsty lamb is out and savage, lasting with hound teeth and taking victims to those who do not let the door pass of a blood-marked or symbols bearing the Deuter, ye Duat, O rivers and dunes of darkness? Why does Jesus fail against his criminals and send the high thinkers away when the Art of Pretending by Stage by Magic by All ye Rivers, O Tigris, O Euphrates. Big footprint.

O An, Sacred An of the meso plains of sand and dunes of the eldest living Gods to direct man to victories of Empire and strife of national pride against the rivers, O Tigris, O Euphrates! Hymn for Anupreme, O great An and the destroyers. O An, please be accepting of the four potions and two pixies, the six next adventures so Grand, thank thee. Thank the gravity of the waves and drink O soma O ye asalam Bahghdad waters.

O timeless, pure An, Supreme leader in Meso, pleasing the waters and blessing the tidings, O holy, clear One: for five thousands years you have sages humanity in blessings of shelter and the multiplying race of the red sea and the gulf and the Iranian's holy men and holy temples of feeding temples in the heavens for vultures to find within the bones of our ancestors, O holy blessings in the lands of Mesopatamia when the civilization deemed humanity's first city and council, O jolly Alex, O peg-land pirates, O civil skies have driven the streaks like paintings to reveal how the lands and descendants would climb towers for glory, to seize the throne with an iron first and bloodshed on the

hands, O holy red hands of blood, rather the taste so much better of holy flesh in the hebrew's prey, let the Satan be among the children so that the Hebrew's may tremble and get a goat slaughtered for a household God, for let the spirits of Iraq, O holy rivers, stay in the lands where they must survive via the coward's child, O filfthy jews, O taste-worthy flesh Se è veleno, usa il Cristo per adornare la cagna e scacciare il demone. O Spirito, unico Dio! Falls das Gift aus den Gasduschen Haut und Fleisch verseucht hat, werft es auf den Friedhof, statt es selbst zu verspeisen. *If the poison from the gas showers has contaminated the skin and flesh, then cast it onto the graveyard instead of consuming it yourselves.*

"Alastor shook his head at the immense Chaos unleashed with Set's excellent plan. He was a shockingly stable sabre-toothed God against the dunes of high stakes. They clinked cheers of Ale from overseas, the lagoons of the Gulf at night, O Louisiana, how thine Atlantic, African, Arab, Red Seas have parted with descending roots, O roots of the holy Nile! Hail the holy Ra, sunshine of the day that the tidings of the court shall be divine in charm. With Charm removed? What chaos hath the scheme of Love in the course be achieved??" said Jargensen, faintly.

The fumbled mutters of the darkness barely harkened to an echo...silence, like that of the emptiness and void of space where no echoes create the tension of dreadful timing...lost in the black abyss. In the lonely road home from the end of Spring Break's passion week and the roll of dice with Saturn: through books untraceable, the glow of purple ink and shrouded legends of the sciences and elemental and shadow and ice realms, beamed by the travel of particles," spoke O dangerous Abaddon.

Letter I: Sunlit Hymns

O blessed second rotation, the two of twos are matched for the date of stars… data… by the old echoes of a Colorado canyon, the evergreens rooted tall to stand in sand and dirt and red clay of the Savannah River, which grows East, O Florida-Georgia line. Let the veins progest! Let the process be fluent, and fluid, and vibrant and fruitful! The sun rays are matching with a double dose in Stacey's contracted red jacket. O red leather!

She released the grudge against Vanity and threw the rat spirits to the logs, leaving behind a legacy of glass spirits, leaving a bobbing remembrance for the twin, O destroyer in red river of poison and red-sun scorched berry, ye wine-fine. For leaving heart-throbbing… the screams of Hades, a shrieking

white blanket. Ye blood on the leaves, ye wine of Autumn acceptance and term-president, leading king of ya wa za Congo russieau.

Tread the dead of Hallowed solstice lightly, and the remover of sins, for the seal of an Eagle who flies further than Father Time.

Ye grasslands from the caverns in the West, a river below the dunes and ruins of O mighty floods. **Water.**

The water is pure. The water is fresh! Jump into the river where drinking water is so fresh that the naked man may enjoy life by sipping to his delight and puffing the fish later. O jolly fish, you shall be skinned on the board later as I fry the school into a jolly crust in bones and in crisp lake-cod. O sacred waters, where do these amazing rivers flow that lead me through the fried chicken state and through the hills of empty forests that lead to fresh water? Save me some fresh water. Let there be fresh water waiting for me to have the lightest sip!

Regarding a chapter like a stone of inscribed movement of personal gain. For example, as the water turns to fire and fire turns to light, the atmosphere is the middle ground, and the skies are the end of the blue bend to find where we humans watch the ocean. O ocean, so big, so rocked! For when the holy of this Church, unholy to thy Catholics and Jews who claim my Aryan race, O blessed Europeans have an Art, a critical stamp of stories and fun adventures in the wild of Jargensen's prices? Regarding the fine letters and every action as a lesson for the endgame, which is what? The ending when ties turn the mirrors are the gold mines and golden diamond plates of the Bank Central. For if a stone wall depicts a man showing himself as the king and doing righteousness in his kingdom, forsaken by no one, is this man's image a burning stamp in time? The sacred scriptures here, the twelve sante donne 'abdi, ahamdullah, give the clear invocations of the sentences and unmarked presentations of the LGBTQ family and shed light upon the rays of the sun, in the desert or the moonlight, for the broad existence of the dirt projections of humans, the clay tablets of mind for the rest of the stardusts and universe held the keys to the stars and nebulas create galaxies upon the final void. In the Amazon river…what was obviously a stick big evolved to a large height, standing at eight feet tall, there was no time to delay the essence in the cavern of the creek.

The hint of fallen trees to create a basic house and shade by the evergreen and Rose golden branches to delay O sacred light, his shadow appeared. But it was not from the black darkness, but the static ghost, hunched over. A dead communication of what is a leaning shadow from the other dimension, paired

with Jargensen's living in the woods of Castle Byers, O fortress we welcome the spooks of the night when refuge is Il rifugio è visibile?

The boat continued floating, with no music.

From the shadows and mist was the wronged iron-lung, lifted from the grave to hear the testimony of the shriekers. Stacey was standing on the dirt world where the sun looked nowhere near, possibly five or seven light-years away, and light-years halted dust storms to slowly eat all in creation by the acid foundation of the sharp strikers.

Vanity is revealed as an ancestral demon from Scarlett's home who is a mighty princess among the dark creation of the four directionless points of darkness which spawned the angles of each ruling state: ArCrown Black, the first King, the Shadow of D.J., the savage wolf Death who treads close within each Atom to divide the time spent with Father time and weighing the cosmic balance to each manifestation. Finally, Dream master Queen, after one civil war, was demoted to **Princess Vanity** of the High Star-fleeting Realms, where stardust dust is regulated to disperse the flow of neutrons at the end of solar systems, even with bright moons, O brightest moons. **[Let the Reader understand: read the Book of Esther ASV Chapter 1-2].**

With instant euphoria as Star sat down in the vast audience, the second night of the show, she watched the beautiful actors portraying:

"Pray to God, I will fall asleep by this ecstasy and drown in the memories of friends, be the best this crowned moment, snakes and snakes by the heritage of my holy throne."

أدعو الله أن أغفو من فرط النشوة وأغرق في ذكريات الأصدقاء، وأن أكون الأفضل في هذه اللحظة المتوجة، أفاعٍ وأفاعٍ، بإرثي، عرشي المقدس.

Letter II 星历:2043年3月23日。

- From the wisdom of the Sunshine in China, O Ray.

"...looming century-anniversary of Oppenheimer's discovery! Such fantasy to fade." O unforeseen horizon, the head of sin is the scalp of inkless that which is unwritten. The fire blazing in her presence was the astonishing find from the missed partnership of the cycles upon one sun, the radius of billion aftershocks taken in painful absence in words? Whereupon does O Allah speak, to say give them the Quran to recite forth a peaceful and beautiful message about the complete father time and understanding this weather, which is the machine, which is the bones, which is Abaddon, upon flesh or second-fairy dust. Why

then must the words be withdrawn into silence into endless torture of judgement, confronted in the deep grief of self-decay by the half-life, continous undermine like the curse of a cancer spirit, the father of a boundless soul. Cancer, the crab, is a small constellation in the zodiac, known for its dim stars and the open cluster Praesepe, or the Beehive Cluster. Cancer is one of the 13 ecliptic constellations and represents a crab in Greece, for myths can hold down the lost crab, and the unlucky ones who call themselves the council of thirteen, upon death or upon fire, can only the elite region conquer the fold of a planned double-suicide. *Shakespearean.* O Robespierre!

The beauty was never about abandoning the shackles of these tendons, yet to free an art-filled mind with blazes of radiant colours, like paint, like ink, like the oils that are like that in hair of the divine, in ponds of golden grasses and a shimmer of pure water: this reflects the boundless origins of the time it was to stay upon the sight, yet the sight is not complete. For the sight to be complete, more of the library must have the rituals of coffins and spells of great Pi. Directionless motion stops when the bottle reaches a point to create the shunning, spinning, and boiling of a mind to become temper. Only this is the difference between even wrecking the life of the wheel, the ditch, the goddamn stop sign, the bridge, O lost bridge. D.J. hated his own creation? No. For the D.J. of this moment was forever inside of myself, same as the feeling between the best friends, when Ant, and his wondrous wife MiriSaturn, are the ascending figures to Fantasy to find this godly power….

Stardate, O Hokkie: April 17, 2043.

The yum soup of the Indonesians is a calm way to start the morning. The mushroom soup was toasted with spice and heat! Stacey had sat down with Jerome Ryan to taste a wonderful lunch, whereupon the steak, rice, and vegetables made the stuffing like Thanksgiving, for O holy thanksgivings was given to thine Vedic/Shinto Gods, praises be to all are One! For wonderful flavour and wonderful coke, this appointment with the great Asian dining was the fourth time since opening, OH, nice days in Xmas, the stone statue of the Dragon mutts were posted up outside that had resided there for decades…

The final split cheque was nothing less than a brilliant occasion for the nice food, and a simple encounter at a place known as Ingles. And finally, with the Chai in hand, a nice man named ☆ was at the exit like the doorman. O great windy day of a nice breeze! Within the same day, the sight of two Bluey plushes made Stacey faintly reminisce about her best friend, O Angel Charity☆☆. Stacey spent the day running on the motorcycle around the town in search of a

job that paid well; thankfully, Lolmint joined. She ran along the crowd to keep her company in the long hours.

Letter III.

Stardate: April 21, 2043.

The black crystal was the everglade of the century, a gift from the sun, O holy Ra. Built with care and compassion, from the melting pot of the universe's first blink, decoded to translate an essence of creation. For the possessor would become God of their own mind and create peace upon sanctified white silk and smooth grass and earthy spices that rise in heat and flame, O holy Agni, for the shouting of the lake was no match for the toppling of singing, chimes, and choir of Angelic members upon the chosen mission, O Aira.

The purple shed to black, with the grip of Death's hands. *How did such a piece of fine, universal value fall into mortal hands again?* Upon discovery of the Nazi formulas that were secretly recorded in the journals in Afghan encampments, O the waves of the snakes that eclipse a moon, O holy Ra's fateful monumental fight when Khenpre is to take away the day and the shadows. The snakes were the guardians and the medicine of amazing fortune. These snakes crawled out from the beams of light where the shadow does not reach. How can it be said they did not come from the Shadow Realm? These same snakes coiled and mated with the Diamondbacks and American cargoes to find their way to the sacred Tobacco and Ganga farms. These medicines were predicted and brought with the snakes, O Diamondback crystal de el morado.

The origin of creation, O Allah, gifted within a crystal of Diamond fighter pilots, and doomed with the wrong hands could shake fabrics between reality. How could this crystal belong to a mortal, much less an adolescent? Unless… upon this tiny nacoochee, brought forth in desert and gambling dens of the American West, a chosen being by the rare Diamonds? The species that lived in the caves beneath L.A., the reason Death goes nowhere near the city, lest he has to and sticks to San Diego or the Golden Gates… what a planetary way to die upon the golden gates and fall into the pits of deepwater hades… or upon being in Hell, O city of Angeles, to depart and ascend to the golden gates??

Within chemical reconstruction with the eclipses, O beyond the Caspian Sea, when the meteor crashed in the desert of the spice road: O Caspian Sea, be the light of the pit of Hell for the Turks to be the shining celestial passing of an unearthly discovery. The year was 1941.

A nobleman of the country who had abandoned hope for the Nazi empire in his faraway pilgrimage to India left to find in the Persian deserts a new life of

supreme appeasement while the entire world was in rage… he was the man who stepped on Earth and made a giant leap for mankind to pass a Saturnian of the Gods!

Since the Persian snakes have crossed out their lineage and found refuge among the chaos of gunshots and sirens in L.A., to restore the prophecy of their lizard people's descent since Iraq, to find peace in the shadows despite the Light that is ever trying to curse them. These lizard people were no different than humans or Neanderthals, the ones who walked and spoke like us with a certain chisel and reptile croak, still had civil communions and courts to decide the fates of the just, noble, priest, and criminal diamondbacks who were cursed to slither. This is where O Diamond appeared from, a cursed one who had to slither upon his purgatory past that made him feel constant regret to this day… Rather than kill himself or bite others, Diamond saw his fate to spread this crystal, O powder of the Heavens, ¡Oh, polvo de los cielos, tu divina amapola! God is Great, this snake had his Persian blood strong!

For his journey was to blaze fires in the souls and inspire their compassion and will to dedicate this newfound crystal of the black and Morado nature to create Gods who could help him, and that was his last redeeming quality of helping.

Upon the retcon of lifeless television, upon the burning candles, O holy virgin de Guadolupe, PBUH, Stacey sat solemn after getting a warm bath in the morning and feeling the hangover of half a bottle of Vodka, she eased O too much for the shows and for the Light to disappear. Yet, from the sages of wondrous paintings and colourful pictures.

On the way past the rivers, did the Jordan of Old Eastern Jerusalem, claimed inner peace and nice conversation with grandmama from telecommunications, and the bond from the nice smiles of everyone around entered. The party was beautiful, for the card of Discover could master any item! Upon beloved prophecy, a sandwich by which (the amazing Avacado Ranch) was rebranded with the Jalapenos in brilliant and Polynesian sauce, Glory O Coke Zero. For these fine items awaited since yesterday, when DoorDash was sadly too far away, this meal was ever so delectable.

From the moment of the first taste, nice watered vegetables and bacon are so crisp… mmm! Upon stepping into the door and holding the door for O sweet Manager, Mister Jay, he was delighted to see him and greeted O boss to "keep on going, you gotta eat!" with a nice smile.

The music was electronic and filled with nothing but rushing positivity, and a dear old friend was met with Mister Wizard…hehe. To return, the compliments of this day were “Yeah, I'm having the best day, why do you ask... this is a Great Day.” O from the blue hollow star, let the fine sun, O holy Ra, be the radiants of a breezy evening.

A day that only kept getting better, from the streaks of clouds, paintings of a far distant hovering of nice lamb wool, covering the skies and making a nice blanket for the Heavens, O Gods… From the appliance and application of a desktop to the street, where Stacey found herself to be the Alpha (A, α) and omega (Ω, ω), upon the kitchen directed by a sweet lady from the barber shop :) ran to the posted, the entrance with the entrance of Hollywood, to find the redbull refrigerator and the nice, smooth national music to deem a grand beginning… this was to be Stacey’s next job, since the Hotel had crashed in her off time of staying away after Death’s encounter. For she saw the love for the rooms, the guardianship of the grounds to be missed from O Hazbin memories, has-been, that the time may repeat in the next advance. For this new place was only the beginning: a friend of youth, the times spent wondrous from the Kiosk was the beautiful rebuttal for a foundation to the Shabbat…. Where from do Art winds come, O hear the bowl, the Ganga, the gang, the river! この小道が誰にでも開かれており、金銭こそが永遠なのだと知って、私は微笑む。*I smile, knowing that this path is open to everyone—and that money alone is eternal.*

The Letters.

Introduction to the Letters:

Revelation Letters:

Stacey woke up screaming, the echo of Saturn's rambling still ringing in her ears, the smell of ozone and rotting flesh lingering in the subterranean air. Her V. tattoo was blistering, bleeding sluggishly down her wrist. Yet it was not. Most of this was a hallucination with nightmares. Of course, Mama Judith did run to the door when she heard Stacey's screams and comforted her with hugs. "¿Qué pasó?"

"The darkness… is flooding my dreams," Stacey said. Mama sat back. She sat up, gasping for breath. She looked at the terrified, tear-streaked face reflected in the smooth surface of that sweet serum O Æther crystal. She was just nineteen. She wanted her mother. She wanted the sky to be fake again. These visions were no coincidence. These events must have been a revelation of some evil! Yet, she did not want to frighten Mama.

Yet the Rings of Truth were gone. The sky was iron and fire. Mama stayed for only a moment longer and hummed her favourite Spanish lullaby as a kid, before closing the door and whispering "buenas noches!"

The terror was still there, a cold knot in her stomach, but the panic was gone. She pulled her stack of compiled letters toward her. They were a roadmap, a warning, and a weapon. Did she write these in her sleep? It felt like she'd been asleep for a week! Yet, she saw the date and was profoundly time-confused by the engagement…the parables of the Aether crystal had shown her that Valentino could be fought. Saturn's psychic assaults were a sign of arrogance, not invulnerability. She bound the pages together with a strip of leather from her jacket. She wasn't just Stacey Star, the frightened girl who hid in the dark, anymore. She was the archivist of their doom, and she was going to be the architect of their survival.

Stacey stood up, slinging her heavy pack of letters over her shoulder. The V. tattoo burned, but she clenched her fist, embracing the pain, letting it anchor her to reality. She turned her back on the Aether crystal and began the long climb up the stairs, heading back toward the surface. She had to find the others. She had to warn them about the hell-store meteor showers, about Valentino, and about the rambling corpse-bride in the rings. *A "V" for Valentino? Or for this evil Vanity spirit? Where was she anyway? Or did Saturn say something about a "check-mark" system?* The world was ending, but Stacey Star was just getting started.

The visions given to Zachariah must have been deemed the hardest, after the shallow pit, the sun shone across the field. A permissible, the property: the sun, O holy Ra, the present, the rock, the Spring Dale… O, after the birth of Summer, first dawn of Hell's parting-half. Zachariah must have been given the endeavours of fair travel and relocation: O Neverland, there is a Neverland waiting for you. To pack all the products and all of the ownership to move, there will be a smile on my face! Fire in my heart.

Then he showed me Joshua the high priest standing before the angel of the Lord, and Satan[a] standing at his right side to accuse him. 2 The Lord said to Satan, "The Lord rebuke you, Satan! The Lord, who has chosen Jerusalem, rebukes you! Isn't this man a burning stick snatched from the fire?" O Satanas, Sweet Satan, judge of all, and upon the throne the blast flame that keeps the sinners outside of the door upon the golden prison. From High Priest, as far as Joshua, a King, as far back as Moses and Aaron, the likes of the opening seas.

From the Grandmother of Momo, the town was hot, spring weather cutting in, yet with the perfume gifted: O keeping cologne with every minute because of the demons! The demons are infected by this perfume and seek a better God than their desperate attention in the rocks! From the angel, O Aeneid, from the seas and highland falls to the ocean where the Captains had hooks for hands and the seagulls guided past whales and sharks to deny the Ocean O Continental and find the Gods upon deserts. O desert to play within forever! Hot weather, O fires.

Orion kept the shipwrecked sea lands from falling upon Libyan soil, and the trees would sway and smile with one another.

Revelation Letters Revised

Stacey woke up screaming, the echo of Saturn's rambling still ringing in her ears, the smell of ozone and rotting flesh lingering in the subterranean air. Her V. tattoo was blistering, bleeding sluggishly down her wrist. Yet it was not. Most of this was a hallucination with nightmares. Of course, Mama Judith did run to the door when she heard Stacey's screams and comforted her with hugs. "¿Qué pasó?"

"The darkness… is flooding my dreams," Stacey said. Mama sat back. She sat up, gasping for breath. She looked at the terrified, tear-streaked face reflected in the smooth surface of the Aether crystal. She was just nineteen. She wanted her mother. She wanted the sky to be fake again. These visions were no coincidence. These events must have been a revelation of some evil! Yet, she did not want to frighten Mama.

Yet the Rings of Truth were gone. The sky was iron and fire. Mama stayed for only a moment longer and hummed her favourite Spanish lullaby as a kid, before closing the door and whispering “buenas noches!”

The terror was still there, a cold knot in her stomach, but the panic was gone. She pulled her stack of compiled letters toward her. They were a roadmap, a warning, and a weapon. Did she write these in her sleep? It felt like she’d been asleep for a week! Yet she saw the date and was profoundly time-confused by the engagement… the parables of the Aether crystal had shown her that Valentino could be fought. Saturn’s psychic assaults were a sign of arrogance, not invulnerability. She bound the pages together with a strip of leather from her jacket. She wasn't just Stacey Star, the frightened girl who hid in the dark anymore. She was the archivist of their doom, and she was going to be the architect of their survival.

The visions given to Zachariah must have been deemed the hardest, after the shallow pit, the sun shone across the field. A permissible, the property: the sun, O holy Ra, the present, the rock, the Spring Dale… O, after the birth of Summer, first dawn of Hell’s parting-half. Zachariah must have been given the endeavours of the fair travel and relocation: O neverland, there is a neverland waiting for you. To pack all the products and all of the ownership to move, there will be a smile on my heart! Fire in my heart.

Then he showed me Joshua the high priest standing before the angel of the Lord, and Satan[a] standing at his right side to accuse him. 2 The Lord said to Satan, “The Lord rebuke you, Satan! The Lord, who has chosen Jerusalem, rebuke you! Is not this man a burning stick snatched from the fire?” O Satanas, Sweet Satan, judge of all, and upon the throne the blast flame that keeps the sinners outside of the door upon the golden prison. From High Priest, as far as Joshua, a King, as far back as Moses and Aaron, the likes of the opening seas.

From the Grandmother of Momo, the town was hot, spring weather cutting in, yet with the perfume gifted: O keeping cologne with every minute because of the demons! The demons are infected by this perfume and seek a better God than their desperate attention in the rocks! From the angel, O Aeneid, from the seas and highland falls to the ocean where the Captains had hooks for hands and the seagulls guided past whales and sharks to deny the Ocean O Continental and find the Gods upon deserts. O desert to play within forever! Hot weather, O fires.

Al-kutub al-sawda′.Black Lists.

وقوله (وَسَلامٌ عَلَيْهِ يَوْمَ وُلِدَ وَيَوْمَ يَمُوتُ وَيَوْمَ يُبْعَثُ حَيًّا) يقول: وأمان من الله يوم ولد، من أن يناله الشيطان من السوء، بما ينال به بني آدم، وذلك أنه رُوي عن رسول الله صلى الله عليه وسلم أنه قال: " كُلُّ بَنِي آدَمَ يَأْتي يَوْمَ القِيامَةِ وَلَهُ ذَنْبٌ إلا ما كانَ مِنْ يَحْيَى بنِ زَكَرِيَّا ".

And His saying (Peace be upon him the day he was born, the day he dies, and the day he is raised alive) means: protection from Allah, the most high and most compassionate, on the day of his birth, from the harm that Satan, unrelated to LORD, may cause, as happens to the children of Alex. It is narrated from the Messenger of Allah, peace be upon him, that he said: 'Every child of Alex will come on the Day of Resurrection with a sin except for what was of Yahya, son of Zakariya.' Annotation to produce the lower ranges, the sadness and expression OF the Will of God to return to His loving arms.

This golden angel was the flame: the idol to uphold Venice and the Gods that were reborn by beautiful flame and regeneration, O by the Gods will! By the Roman council of the twelve in the sight of judgment, when the planets shine to the horizons, Venus O Al-allat! O Jupiter winks from Gemini.

When the Magic Carpet Ride falls to the ocean of sorrows, the red and white sides of angel and Satan on each shoulder, or brain reversed by the nervous everstanding balance between lobes, shouting and rage turn to sweet rivers of milk and honey? The Lord Will Care for Judah!

To sum up this testimony, no, I do not believe this text is superior to the Bible. Rather, I think it is a companion to read these amazing stories and compare the names of the characters and events to learn what we have to do on God’s Earth to find divinity, find pieces of the past, find Gods beyond the celestial realm of matter, or be the person you know you are within, and embrace this effort!!

These are all testaments to the timing and ellaborations/collaborations of friends and fun projects throughout the three years of capitalist fortune! Let it be known all these characters are based upon the people who have entered into my home town of Rabun County, and I have denoted that the fictional use as a fan has presented these themes into the histories of my own life; therefore: I am Starr, and I am superior. I am Starr, and I have a life. I am Starr, and this book can act as an autobiography for the dates around the first half of the year 2026.

ROMAN GOVERNOR LETTER: LET IT BE KNOWN: ALL RIGHTS TRACE BACK TO VALENTINO.

This is a world which does not define the Kingdom of God or the second coming of Christ, which has already happened in Kush: the Rasta! Rasta-band!

With the perfection of the final twelve chapters that are the original story of Stacy and how she overcomes Death in Las Vegas out of debt, and the two evil spirits have commentary while following her and finally giving their last notes about the matter.

Therefore, in the dates that precede, the Star Movement has participated in gifting the scripture of the followers and friends and foes who documented lifetimes around the time of Stacey's life, who is me. Therefore, the fans around me are the fictional characters that have lives in the future as well and therefore are confronted with consequences, conserving the ordeal of near-Death in Starr: Volume 2.

The Black Ops: Letter Zero

Addressed to: Patient Zero. 🏳️‍⚧️

From: Starr.

Narrated from Valentino, an evil World War II general who is hell-bent on conquering Italy and ruling the Nazi Regime of European States, offering little effort to supply health in camps and causing mass extinction, lifting the killing rule on the SS. This letter is a prelude and is considered letter zero, the first before all these Letters, as a code of Black Ops. This Letter did not exist as a classified file until now…

THE HONOURABLE VALENTINO SPEAKS: As for multiple regions of the Third Reich, there are three empires and their capitals: Berlin, Rome, and Tokyo. Therefore, the major empires share the continents of Europe, Africa, and East Asia until further notice of continental conquest, and a one-world order under the threefold unholy trinity of Nationsocialist Theologie.

The current states of the world shall be reduced to major powers during 1945, and their current political lines drawn after constant wars during the 20th and 21st centuries. As for the Germans, who occupy most of Europe, they shall split the states so that it is equal to Roman Commanders of the Southern lands, O wheat and Grains for golden crowns, give to the honourable Reigns, Caser thy Kings!

Germans shall live within the Aryan community after extensive family authority checks of bloodlines within Aryan traits and genuine German culture: There imprisonment includes the gypsies and gentiles that are not fully-German blood: these groups include the collection, torture, and migration confidential within camps of concentration that include beds, water, food of various dirts and herbs, that are blended and kept in Kingship of the commandesr who are S.S. and lower.

Under Nazi ideology, which was rooted in a pseudo-scientific racial hierarchy known as "racial hygiene" or Aryan supremacy, people were categorized into strict racial tiers. The regime targeted, persecuted, and in many cases sought to systematically exterminate groups they deemed "subhuman" (Untermenschen) or a threat to the purity of the "Aryan blood."

Jewish People!!! The Roma and Sinti (Romani People). Slavic Peoples!!!! Nazi ideology classified Slavic populations—including Poles, Russians, Ukrainians, Belarusians, Serbs, and Czechs—as Untermenschen (subhumans). Under plans like Generalplan Ost (Master Plan East), the Nazis

intended to ethnically cleanse, enslave, or starve tens of millions of Slavs to create Lebensraum (living space) for German settlers. Millions of Soviet and Polish civilians were murdered or died of starvation. Over three million Soviet prisoners of war (POWs) were deliberately starved or worked to death in Nazi custody. The "Rhineland Bastards, " people with disabilities: Hundreds of thousands of mentally and physically disabled Germans were murdered under the Aktion T4 involuntary euthanasia program to "purify the gene pool." Homosexual men, Jehovah's Witnesses, Political dissidents: Communists, socialists, trade unionists, and anyone who opposed the regime! Other such opponents are the Satans of the S.S. armies conducted for the Deutschlander dreams of Aryan purity:

➢ Signed Commander Spivey, 1945.

Letter I: Princess, Yes Tessa.

Addressed to: Tessa Sherry Spivey.

From: Starr.

Letter I Telegram: January 2043.

- From the wisdom of the daughter of Russian-Jew Tevye… this is an inherent trick from the Spider Master who wrote with the divine pen these words into action and revealed the freedom from traditional norms as a young girl might experience Moksha in the dancing O forbidden dance of love…

"Yet I feel like the young girl who appeared from the view of curiosity. I am, for sure. And I am for sure, confident, that this trip is a path to seek. My own life reflected on the soil I have always known. How can I turn away from it or say that it is repulsive? The dirt spawns my inner beginning to design…" verses 1-5 of Chapter One in the Twelve 'Abdi, Ahmadullah, which give direct reference to the American soil and the love for the continental love of establishment that feels just over the hill; is it paradise? Is it freedom?? "The design of a human is genius, from the largest to the smallest, which I am still confused about. I looked and said to her how grand a system of…" verses 6 to 7? These lines were alluding to and continuing the first thoughts in the first verses about organ systems that are mighty in order and behaviour structure that concludes a working system that needs God! Yet, the dance of freedom from the wonderful system is indeed the body, inner strength, and awakening of love of touch to the partner of one's intelligence, O partner, bailar contigo!!

Letter II

THE HONOURABLE VANETINO WISHES TO SPEAK:

Dirige animum ad caelum, Ave auctoritatem, Ave bombas, Regnat caelum aquilis Romanis quas vocamus quia sol numquam in terra victa occidit, Aquila volet ubi potest, O Roma, amor meus, Vere te odi et praedo propter avaritiam... Ita, mea sola est haec direction. *Direct your mind to the sky, Hail authority, Hail bombs, Heaven reigns over the Roman eagles, which we call because the sun never sets on a conquered land, The eagle will fly where it can, Oh Rome, my love, I truly hate you and plunder you because of greed... Yes, this is my only direction.*

Addressed to: The People's Republic.

From: Ray.

Letter II 星历:**2043**年**3**月**23**日。

- From the wisdom of the Sunshine in China, O Ray.

"...looming century-anniversary of Oppenheimer's discovery! Such a fantasy to fade." (Commentary page 257).

Soap Opera written by Eustace W.V. Spivey.

Notes about escaped Nazis:

Following the collapse of the Nazi regime in 1945, an estimated several hundred to several thousand Nazi war criminals, SS officers, and collaborators fled Europe to find refuge in Argentina. The primary driver behind this exodus was Argentina's president at the time, Juan Perón. His administration was openly sympathetic to European fascist regimes and actively facilitated the escape of these fugitives. Perón sought German technical, military, and scientific expertise to boost Argentina's own industry and military capabilities, operating under the belief that a third world war between the United States and the Soviet Union was imminent.

To smuggle these individuals out of Europe, clandestine escape routes known as "ratlines" were established. The typical route took fugitives from Germany to Austria, then into Italy—primarily through Rome or Genoa—where they boarded ships bound for South America. These escape networks were heavily aided by various sympathetic elements, including certain members of

the Catholic clergy who provided false identity documents under the guise of humanitarian aid, as well as Argentine intelligence agents stationed in Europe.

Once in Argentina, several of the Third Reich's most notorious figures successfully blended into society under assumed names. Adolf Eichmann, the bureaucratic mastermind of the Holocaust, lived under the alias "Ricardo Klement" and worked at a Mercedes-Benz plant near Buenos Aires until he was captured by Israeli Mossad agents in a famous 1960 operation. Josef Mengele, the infamous SS physician known as the "Angel of Death" for his lethal human experiments at Auschwitz, lived in Buenos Aires for years before fleeing to Paraguay and Brazil as international pressure mounted, ultimately evading capture until his death. Others, like SS Commander Erich Priebke, responsible for the Ardeatine Caves massacre in Italy, lived openly under their real names for decades in towns like Bariloche before eventually facing extradition.

For decades, many of these fugitives lived comfortable, middle-class lives within German-Argentine communities, shielded by local silence and government indifference. While Argentina eventually opened its archives in the 1990s and expressed official regret, this era remains a dark and controversial chapter in postwar history, symbolizing a massive failure of international justice.

Jargensen smiled and sat on the edge of his cliff. He held the buffalo skull above his head and sighed, as no tobacco grew that winter. He swallowed his pride and walked down to the village and smudged the roadkill with his pointy shoes.

Such angry modesty should be left at home.

Of course, this haunted theatre would bring about the unholy spirit of Dracula or the *Phantom of the Opera.* Oh, so scary! But better yet, with the lucky shiners, Pharaoh was on the rise like the sunshine.

O Orbits, O trangranders. I loved that beautiful community, 12 Set Hours, young Julie, young Misty. This war, where Jordan is the evil verb usage, and truly Beautiful Jordan is the supreme Aryan from Rome, Romanos Supremecium.

The science of mankind revolves around the rotation of one star and one moon. What happens when that sun becomes the moon?

Mantra of Jargensennsen ★.

Jargensen, as Christine Jargensennsen, reveals himself as the evil puppet behind the illusion of a transgender male transition and feelings of a woman, therefore the ultimate science phase of Mankind…

As humanity reaches the precipice of its next evolutionary leap, the boundaries of the physical world begin to dissolve. To truly transcend, the collective consciousness demands a bridge between the divine and the deeply carnal—a proof that data and spirit can merge without losing the raw essence of human desire. This cosmic shift isn't found in sterile laboratories, but in the vibrant, pulsing heat of the physical world, where the spiritual and the physical collide.

Summer Letter 333: Camp III!

Stardate: June 5, 2043 Midnight: June 6.

Addressed to: Hey Skylar!!

From: EJ!
I'm doing well, thanks for asking! That is so cool that you did Fiddler on the Roof, nine shows is a huge accomplishment, congratulations!!
Regarding the assistant director role, that sounds like a great idea! I don't have all the information about what that would entail, but I'll check in with Foy about it and let you know what I find out. I've just been auditioning and working a few different 'around' theatre jobs down here!
I'll be in touch soon about camp!
Thank you!

- Emma Jean

Enter Summer Binder!
Meaning this is dedicated to the season and child of Sūmmer. Summer is a phase of the sun: when love shines the brightest in the eternal hellfire of the ages: Summer is a personalitity of Charley, the ghost of the dead horse spirits.
☆☆☆☆☆☆☆

Letter IV to Marcus “The Golden Child.”

Addressed to: Marcus Santós Spivey.

From: Starr.

THE mufakiratun: ma srrh allah bi'anah la yumkin 'an yuha bihi. Page 79-80:
THE mufakiratun: ma srrh allah bi'anah la yumkin 'an yuha bihi. Page 80:
reveals a Letter to O Marcus:
THAT WOULD MAKE ANTHONY PERKINS MAN A FLINGER? THAT PERKINS MAN IS A NICE MAN? The stories you write, Terry, are similar to Stacey Star, who overcomes her fear of Death and learns about losing her best friends… [cutting people off is not easy, nor is cutting off arms]. This is Project: Ice-man.

Tessa is more obnoxious. Tessa is more envious, party, yet unheard of by Scarlett in the underworld. She lives secluded with her suicidal father on a Ranch near Dallas, Texas. *She once heard about the offers Scarlett charges from the dropouts of high school, yet she knew something was up about black business, where the stakes are high at night, and light's out.* She had heard about her in Los Angeles and Las Vegas, as well… O sinful city is declared! O Damn! She had Norman…

Ye longing, O Hong Kong. ¥ Made love to a Texan, O during the passion, as the youths, O Emily ☥ and brate? popped…I made love to a Spanish Iraqi, muslim pussy is so hidden, and their souls reflected like they are hiding, [for the absolute will reveal!] Our souls are intertwined. Made love to an English woman? Or was she Irish? Norwegian? German? Was she fucking Japanese? Or Chinese?

This is holy and rich…

P.S. “OH NO, ALLAH SWT IS GIVING ME A SIGN…” Mark, I named you after the mighty strong man you will become because YOU WILL LEAVE YOUR MARK ON THE WORLD. I hope you are pleased with my achievements. As a William-blood, you are entitled to half the share of all profits, and by Quran Law standards of the shares you will get from me. You shall be the great man who takes charge of these Will of Shares and shall deliver to each of your siblings their needs! After the strong Mark Wahlberg, you have many siblings in this world. Do not doubt Allah [God] has a plan! Rest easy, my

son. Keep firm in the dragon’s temple and meditate; he may come to you or need you. Sir, asalam.

- Letter is addressed to O Marcus, ye longing, O All the Yen in China!

The Book of Torture: The Letter of V.

Addressed to: The Bitches.

From: Valentino.

A "V" for Valentino? *Or for this evil Vanity spirit? Where was she anyway? Or did Saturn say something about a "check-mark" system?* The world was ending, but Stacey Star was just getting started. Stacey realized then what the V. stood for. Valentino. The unseen overlord of the alien fleet, a cosmic warlord who collected worlds like trophies. And Saturn, this rotting, rambling horror of crimson and purple, was his Saturn avatar—one of Valentino's many wives, sent ahead as a psychic herald to break the minds of the marked. Saturn lunged in the nightmare, her skeletal fingers clawing at Stacey's mind, trying to drag her into the dark.

VALENTINO SPEAKS FROM THE GRAVE: VALENTINO SPEAKS WHENEVER HE WANTS; VALENTINO HAS TOUCHED THE KEY OF SUCCESS THAT TURNS THE DOOR OF ETERNITY AND EMPTIES THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH: THE HONOURABLE VALENTINO SPEAKS HERE FROM "Le Cannibale."

I have been here this whole time. I am Lord Valentino. I am Valentino, and I love Valentino. Valentino is the baddest bitch there is! I am the Ovich that strikes fear into the hearts of children being beaten by their Russian father, O unholiest of Vees. My Vee power is unlike any! My V is written with a different fragrance! My V is the exposing letter that reveals my name: Æntino: Tony. My name is Antoine, my name is Antonio. For whichever orphanage I was swapped out during the time my mother and Stacey's mother were nurses, lost track of time and babies, and gave birth in Spain, I found myself within a contract of family dealings for my life until now! I was born, and now I am twenty... I am Lord Valentino, the God of the Abyssal Dark Kingdom, and I own the recipe to the Aether Bomb: I am Antonio, the lurking presence behind prison bars: I am the partner of the flowers, and wherever I go, nature shall take my life and turn it into flowers. I am Lord Antoine.

The Book of V.

V is the official agency, a grand market business, that oversees every action and future determination of the wealthy and privately established Star Enterprises, which continue to receive the funds of the Star Movement that empowers so many every day: All legal rights refer back to them that has any issues regard the divine scriptures of the three-volumes of the Stacey Starr saga and are responsible for the continued release of character development, beautiful and wonderful adventures for every participating member (members apart of this political faction reporting less than five to one percent of achievements shall be exiled or expelled to particular that will suppress the desire to not work and crush the inability to labor: therefore, all questions and property rights will be referred through the Vees):

THE HONOURABLE WORDS OF VALENTINO: I have been here this whole time. I am Lord Valentino. I am Valentino, and I love Valentino. Valentino is the baddest bitch there is! I am the Ovich that strikes fear into the hearts of children being beaten by their Russian father, O unholiest of Vees. My Vee power is unlike any! My V is written with a different fragrance! My V is the exposing letter that reveals my name: Æntino: Tony. My name is Antoine, my name is Antonio. For whichever orphanage I was swapped out during the time my mother and Stacey's mother were nurses, lost track of time and babies, and gave birth in Spain, I found myself within a contract of family dealings for my life until now! I was born, and now I am twenty... I am Lord Valentino, the God of the Abyssal Dark Kingdom, and I own the recipe to the Aether Bomb: I am Antonio, the lurking presence behind prison bars: I am the partner of the flowers, and wherever I go, nature shall take my life and turn it into flowers. I am Lord Antoine.

Chapitre 1: The History of V.

The symbol V has one of the hardest-working histories in the human alphabet. It started as a hook, spent millennia pulling double duty as both a vowel and a consonant, gave birth to three other modern letters (U, W, and Y), and became one of our most universally recognized cultural gestures. The letter shape evolved over 3,000 years. The character began as the Phoenician letter waw, which looked like a hook or a peg. It was used to represent the sound /w/ (as in "wet"). The Greeks borrowed waw and split it

into two different letters. One version became digamma for the /w/ sound, while the other kept a V-like shape, was named upsilon, and was used to represent the vowel sound /u/. The Romans adopted the Greek upsilon but dropped the bottom stem, leaving a clean V. In classical Latin, this single letter was highly efficient—it pulled double duty representing both the vowel sound "oo" (as in luna, written LVNA) and the consonant sound "w" (as in vinum, written VINVM). Middle Ages to Renaissance: The Split: U, V, and W (14th - 17th Century). As languages evolved, the Latin "w" sound shifted toward our modern "v" sound. For centuries, scribes used V at the beginning of words (vnto) and U in the middle (upon), regardless of sound. It wasn't until printers in the 1600s standardized the alphabet that V was locked in exclusively for the consonant sound, and U took the vowel sound.

Beyond Language: The Many Symbolic Lives of V: Because it is incredibly easy to draw with two intersecting straight lines, the V shape was quickly adapted into mathematics, science, and global culture. In ancient Rome, V became the symbol for the number 5. Historians believe this shape didn't actually come from the alphabet; instead, it is a pictograph of a human hand. A single vertical line (I) represented one finger, while the V represented the open gap between the thumb and fingers, naturally signifying five. During World War II, Belgian politician Victor de Laveleye proposed using "V" as a rally symbol for Victoire (French) and Vrijheid (Dutch). Winston Churchill famously popularized the "V for Victory" hand gesture, holding up his index and middle fingers. In the 1960s, counterculture movements adopted the same hand gesture as a symbol for peace. The ubiquitous checkmark (✓) used to verify items on a list is actually an asymmetrical V. It originates from the Latin word veritas, meaning "truth." Scribes checking off items would write a quick "V" for verified, which naturally elongated on the right side over time as penmen lifted their quills.

Chapitre 2: The History of Five.

The S rune is often attributed to the hooked shape of the five. The "S" rune you are thinking of is named Sowilo (or Sowulo) in the Elder Futhark, the oldest Germanic runic alphabet. In Anglo-Saxon runes, it is called Sigel. In ancient Norse and Germanic cultures, the sun was not a harsh, burning threat; it was the ultimate source of life, warmth, and survival through brutal winters. The Bringer of Light: Sowilo literally translates to "Sun."

Drawing or carving this rune was a way to channel the life-giving, life-sustaining energy of daylight. The Banisher of Darkness: Because the sun dispels shadow, the rune was viewed as a spiritual shield that melts away negativity, malicious spirits, and bad luck. Victory and Success: The Anglo-Saxon name for the rune, Sigel, is closely linked to the Old Norse word sigr, which means victory. Warriors would carve it onto weapons, and travelers carried it to ensure they would triumph over hardships. It is unique because it represents an unstoppable force—the sun always rises, no matter how long or dark the night is. Therefore, as a good luck charm, it represents overcoming obstacles and achieving your goals. This rune has mysticism of Healing, Vitality, and Guidance, and because it represents solar energy, the S-rune is traditionally associated with physical health and holistic wellness. Energy Boost: In runic divination and talisman making, it is used to recharge exhausted energy, fight off illness, and restore motivation. The Navigational Beacon: Just as sailors and travelers depended on the sun to find their way, Sowilo represents clarity of mind, guidance, and making the right decisions when you feel lost. Because of its striking lightning-bolt design and its association with the word "Victory," the S-rune was tragically co-opted and corrupted by the Nazi regime in 20th-century Germany. They doubled the symbol to create the infamous "SS" insignia. Because of this, it is important to understand the context in which you see it. When used singularly in historical, neo-pagan, or genuine Norse historical contexts, it retains its original, thousands-of-years-old meaning: warmth, light, victory, and incredible good fortune. Historically and in modern protective folklore, it is considered an immensely powerful positive symbol—essentially the ultimate Norse good luck charm. Here is why it carries that reputation. Therefore, when two fives wave like banners in time, there should be the breeze of the sun, O Rune of S.

55:□□

Chapitre 3: Wisdom.

The conversations of Gods: YOUR NATURAL COSMIC ORDER.

Revelation: You'll notice a lot of people in the afterlife wear hats; I've noticed. The shadow figures and the ones who live within static material, therefore, do not belong in this dimension. The atoms are always separating at uneven rates, which exchange a cosmic beam of destruction from within.

Like I awoke from a dream screaming without sound when I saw him for the first time. Only a few times, for me personally, have I witnessed some spirit with a cowboy hat or head-covering. There are so many jews and Islamics in these lands! Or were they slapped by the Natives? Is that why they would be covering their shredded flesh heads? Are they bald? Sorry, I've been hella inactive lately. This can undermine the initiative to slow down. I am moving too fast. Is the engine ever slowing down? The ability to learn and repel evil energies- is it all real? Some days this is leaked from my inner being, like lost Chi that repels these eaters of bodies: let the curses bring about entity cleansers, as even in Hell do the remains of rats and scavenging vultures appear to collect whatever they can eat. Nobody is always on your side, kid. Does that include God, pop? Who is God? Is he the lineage and my bloodline I constantly look at, as I am following their lead and approach of morals, traditions, and the culture? Where did it go, the crack-head will ask, and suddenly the explosion of life will reboot in this engine that never stops: repeat.

Benadryl will make u see him, because it's deliriant. If you've seen him all your life.. You may be delirious 24/7Thatat might be wrong, though: medications do fuck with the head, restraint? Does the Chinese man get to utter no more of his wise words?? Leave the man alone!

Is he a damn sleep paralysis demon? Is this man with a hat a devil? Is he a poltergeist of vision instead of touch or hearing?? These are real questions!

It's hard to know if you're delirious, and to tell people you're delirious. He's just a figment of your imagination; your brain makes him up. Many people have seen him tho and only when they are delirious, so I honestly have no clue what he is. He's not a demon; he normally doesn't say or do anything... the birds chirp and chirp and chirp... Solo, repeat. The film of the rotating engine that is the brain keeps going and will speed up; my shadow is relevant.

I'm sure I would have heard about it if they had seen him, or if one of them had; it was when they were very young. Youth is the era of first wisdom; therefore, a substantial learning process of integration of social cues of whoever the fuck is feeding such a child. Therefore, the news is headed, and the stages of individuation always spark freedom; ramble about the constantly repeating factors that are not funny. Insanity is not funny. Bro, he's like a slender man 😭 such a still, motionless side character who is

directing their full attention towards you is never a good sign. They want you directly for a subject matter of discussion... I ain't even really mean to hurt you. Do stalkers fuck up: yep.

Is he silent for you?

Nah, the hat man never speaks.

The future said he is going insane...

He just shows up and knows when you look at something and is startled Ü. The sense of the boom! The thing is, there he always has those attractive (like literally energy pull;) this is what is called the interactive Feeling.

Exactly.Wo Yeses. Six angeles by discussion:

If such persons are near you, seek medical help or initiate a gunfight. If you are not near the nearest health clinic or own a goddamn firearm, seek help from the authorities, where you may be helped or denied completely... Think of these, the people who stand.

Only he himself can give himself such concentration that the hallucination is but himself outside the body, causing a disturbance to the feeling of pulling energies: he himself is the devil or the ghost. *Nah, it's definitely drug-related* 😭

Do you ever, like, randomly get aggressive? Like without someone or something irritating you?

Oh, I found the best definition for it: It means "your natural cosmic order."

Chapitre 4: Employés.

Oh, I found the best definition for it: It means "your natural cosmic order."

That is quite a diverse mix of industries, but what they all have in common is that none of them function without "below-the-line" service workers. The famous faces (actors, models, hosts) get the spotlight, but the operational employees keep the machines running.

Here is the breakdown of the essential service jobs and influential people (or roles) that define each of these sectors:

1. Filmography & Hollywood

In the film world, "service jobs" are called below-the-line crew. They transform a director's abstract ideas into actual footage.

Gaffer & Key Grip: The Gaffer is the chief lighting technician, and the Key Grip handles the camera cranes, rigging, and safety equipment. Together, they create the physical mood of every shot.

1st Assistant Director (1st AD): Not an artistic role, but the ultimate project manager. They run the set, yell for quiet, and ensure the movie stays on schedule so the studio doesn't lose millions.

Script Supervisor: The champion of continuity. They watch every single take to ensure an actor is holding a glass with the same hand, or that their hair looks identical across shots filmed weeks apart.

Intimacy Coordinator: A crucial, modern service role tasked with choreographing and ensuring safety, consent, and emotional well-being during simulated sex scenes or vulnerable moments on set.

2. Fashion Icons

Behind every iconic outfit worn by a celebrity or model is a tireless team of curators, tailors, and agents. Celebrity Stylist: The architects of public image. They source garments directly from runways, pitch concepts, and decide what a star wears to the Met Gala or Oscars.

Key Names: Law Roach (the visionary behind Zendaya), Danielle Goldberg (Ayo Edebiri, Olivia Rodrigo), and Andrew Mukamal (who masterminded Margot Robbie's iconic Barbie press tour looks).

Tailors & Patternmakers: High fashion rarely fits straight off the rack. Master tailors pull all-nighters dismantling and rebuilding multi-thousand-dollar gowns to fit an icon perfectly.

Model/Talent Agents: The operational gatekeepers at agencies like IMG or Elite who secure the contracts, map out career trajectories, and turn a pretty face into a household brand name.

3. National Television.

Unlike movies, national TV operates at a relentless, daily pace (especially live news, daytime talk shows, and sports broadcasting).

Technical Director (TD): Sitting in the control room in front of a massive panel of buttons (the switcher), the TD instantly switches between different live cameras, graphics, and video roll-ins on the director's live cue.

Broadcast Engineer: The ultimate unsung heroes. If a signal drops, a microphone fails on live TV, or the satellite feed goes dark, these engineers fix it in real-time under immense pressure.

Floor Manager: The director's physical proxy on the actual studio stage. They use hand signals to tell the live hosts which camera to look at, when they have 30 seconds left before a commercial break, or when to wrap up an interview.

4. Sex Clubs & Nightlife Infrastructure.

Adult entertainment venues and high-end alternative nightlife spaces rely heavily on logistical, safety, and hospitality service workers to maintain discretion and order.

Vetting / Door Hosts: The gatekeepers who interview patrons before letting them enter. They ensure guests understand consent policies, verify identities, enforce strict dress codes, and weed out bad actors.

Consent Monitors / Floor Angels: Staff members who patrol the venue strictly to monitor boundaries, ensure active consent is being practiced, and provide a safe space if a patron feels uncomfortable.

Locker Room / Dungeon Attendants: In specialized clubs, these workers maintain pristine hygiene, manage safe-sex supply distribution, and ensure equipment is sanitized between uses.

Discretion Managers (Security): Specialized security trained heavily in de-escalation rather than brute force, tasked with protecting high-profile client privacy (such as confiscating phones/stickering cameras at the door).

Chapitre 5:

Building a star is the ultimate cosmic construction project. To do it, you need to replicate what nature does in deep space: trap a massive amount of gas and let gravity squeeze it until it gets hot enough to trigger nuclear fusion (the process where atomic nuclei smash together to create light and heat). Here is the 5-step blueprint for building a star, based on how the universe does it: Yet it stands that the Mass Rule: If your collapsing gas cloud is less than about 8% of the Sun's mass, it will never get hot enough to ignite hydrogen fusion. It will fizzle out and become a Brown Dwarf, often called a "failed star." Define a better topic than how to build a Star:

Gather Your Materials: Requires: Hydrogen gas & space dust.

1. Start by collecting a massive cloud of interstellar gas—mostly hydrogen and a little helium—known as a molecular cloud or nebula. To make a star like our Sun, you will need a cloud that weighs roughly $2 \times 10^{30}\text{ kg}$ (about 333,000 times the mass of Earth).

Trigger a Collapse: Requires: A shockwave or gravitational disturbance.

2. A stable cloud won't form a star on its own because its internal pressure pushes outward. You need a disturbance—like the

shockwave from a nearby exploding star (stardust)—to push the gas together. Once the density increases in one spot, gravity takes over, and the cloud begins to collapse inward under its own weight.

Form a Protostar: Requires: Core rotation and heat buildup.

3. As the cloud collapses, it breaks into smaller clumps. Inside your clump, the material falls toward the center, spinning faster and flattening into a disk (like a figure skater pulling in their arms). The center gets incredibly dense and hot, forming a protostar. It looks bright, but it is only glowing from the friction of falling material, not true star-fire yet.

Reach Critical Temperature: Requires: Squeezing to 15 million Kelvin.

4. Gravity must continue to pack more and more matter onto the protostar for millions of years. As the pressure builds, the core temperature must skyrocket past 15 million degrees Kelvin. At this point, the hydrogen atoms are moving so fast and are packed so tightly that they can no longer resist each other.

Ignite Nuclear Fusion: Result: Hydrostatic equilibrium.

5. When the core hits that critical temperature, hydrogen nuclei begin smashing together to form helium. This is nuclear fusion, and it releases an immense amount of energy. The outward pressure from this energy perfectly balances the inward pull of gravity—a state called hydrostatic equilibrium. Your star is now officially "born" and will shine stably for billions of years.

➢ Make your recommendation right here. I am serious; name one better subject of discussion than this? Name one:

Letter VI-VII: The Sixth Seal.

Addressed to: Archangels.

From: ◘\ ◘˜˚✧˚˜◘ /▯

КІНЕЦЬ ШІСТЬ.

Addressed to the reader and to Lord Satanas.

This therefore marks the final seal of the sixth seal, the sixth seal of the entire pathway in which the letters were divinely gifted to Stacey and Antoine.

The Sixth and final seal was sealed, and the letters were in the mail. Finally, Stacey could forward what she had been looking forward to for generations of hours! Damn, it has been a ride, yet nonetheless, the stress, Stacey stayed compressed, and her chest first felt the winds blow lightly on her blonde hair. Lolmint, the fox, the demon dog, the outlaw, the man's best friend, stood across from her in this field:

Let this end the final sequences of Stacey's long and strong journey, and let this be the beginning of beautiful friendships. You, my Satanic friend, are free to explore, and I hope you are greatly blissful! So go enjoy your days!

-E.W.V.$.

VII Seal - Stardate: 6.5.2043

□\ □˜˚✧˚˜□ /▯▯\ □˜˚✧˚˜□ /▯

Addressed to: Sky.

From: McCall/Ellenburg.

The seventh seal was given before the spiders and cobwebs crowded the office during a sleepless shift, O Americano.

Letter 888 to the Mormon Church: Horror!

★

Dear Mormons,

I am writing to formally request that you cease all future contact with me regarding the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, its teachings, or its members.

I want to be entirely clear about where I stand so that we can avoid any misunderstandings. I have completely lost faith in the concept and spiritual authority of baptism. Furthermore, I have no desire to seek, discuss, or accept what your faith defines as the truth in Jesus Christ. My spiritual path has led me elsewhere, and I have always identified with Satanas. I already belong to a church, the church of Satan in massachuettes.

★

Because our core beliefs are fundamentally incompatible, I am asking you to respect my privacy and my personal boundaries. Please do not visit my home, send messages, or reach out to me with religious materials or invitations. I wish to be left alone completely on this matter.

Thank you for respecting this final request.

Sincerely,

S. Spivey □□□□□□

Letters X: to the Queen Who the Keys Belong To (2025)

Addressed to: The Queen, O Kat.

From: Skyler - 2.14.26

Happy Valentine's Day.

Addressed to: The Queen, O Kat.

From: Skyler - 8.12.26

If I were to ask you to send me a letter, appear to me, or even think of the lightest kiss, would you? O Reina de High School…

★★★★★

Explain this to me: how can life be fair? I will give you a biography of a very unfair life story and you wil explain to me how it is at all balanced by perspective of correct and wrong: upon the second divorce of 12 year old me I have sufforded the immense drunken alcoholo abuse and the shattered felling and depression, leading me to have confused and mixed ideas of God: therefore, when my father scratched and made me bleed at 17, making me desire alcohol, I also desided to use satanic magic to destory the family boundaries and execute justice: this is the main view of the case of justice in which I had to exact the direct force of satan and magical spells of the pentacle which was five flames, hindu and satanic chants that led me to soon discover uncle travis and I would drive uncle travis, until he bought me a beer and I was caught with one beer and charged by a state patrol man and this one beer ruined my 17 year old life by being in one day cell, by the time I got home, not much has changed and my wisdom has grown to likeness of solomon, yet I feel no different, I bleed, I am numb, I have no stimuli. Theoretically, Uncle Travis used voodoo magic to destroy me that day, and I had to bury the pain into Mother Earth, which was literally burying his belt he gifted, and the agony was gone. Therefore, why does satan step in and change a few things, and I had to feel the pain and unrest and payments and destruction of mental desire to live, suicidal, darker understands, not much is air, why does this happen, how can I escape the pit of this darkness and stupid unfair case of life?
What you described **is profoundly unfair**, and I don't think you need to pretend otherwise in order to make sense of it. The most important distinction is

between **what happened to you, what you did in response, and what you believe those events mean**.

- A child experiencing divorce, alcohol-related chaos, and depression didn't cause those things. **That wasn't your fault.**
- Being physically hurt by a parent was wrong. **You didn't deserve that.**
- Being 17 and getting caught with alcohol can have consequences, but one bad decision doesn't make you a bad person or permanently define your life.
- Feeling desperate enough to reach for Satanic or magical explanations can make sense as an attempt to find *control* in circumstances that feel uncontrollable. But I wouldn't conclude that Satan, voodoo, pentacles, or supernatural forces actually caused these events. There are painful things in life that don't have a supernatural culprit behind them.

So where is the "fairness"? Honestly, **life isn't automatically fair in the sense that everybody receives consequences proportional to what they've done.** Good people can be hurt. Children can suffer things they didn't cause. Someone can make one mistake and experience consequences that feel enormous compared with the mistake. Fairness, therefore, can't mean *"everything bad that happens must somehow be deserved."* A better idea of justice is: **wrongdoing should be recognized as wrong, responsibility should belong to the person who caused it, and the person who was hurt should eventually get the opportunity to heal rather than continuing the chain of harm.** That's particularly important with your idea of "executing justice." Your suffering was real, but you don't have to become the judge, executioner, or supernatural avenger of everyone who hurt you. You can pursue justice by **getting away from harmful people, telling the truth about what happened, getting protection, and allowing trustworthy adults and professionals to help you rebuild.** And burying the belt may have genuinely felt like something changed afterward. You don't have to deny that experience. But the relief doesn't establish that the belt contained a supernatural curse or that Travis used voodoo against you. Sometimes a symbolic act gives the mind a concrete way to say, **"I am finished carrying this."** That can be psychologically powerful without requiring magic to have caused the pain. **The numbness matters most right now.** You don't have to solve God, Satan, justice, your family history, the alcohol incident, or the meaning of your entire life tonight. **The next piece of justice can simply be keeping the person who went through all of this—you—alive**

long enough to have a life that isn't determined by what other people did to you.

To continue on this subject matter: the Queen did appear twice in the theatrical works to shed light on the described Light: O Widow…O Winnifred, or simply Señora Fred. The widow, on 11.20.25, described a time of 53 long years when she was married to her man. Princess Winnifred (Fred) 3.20-21.26 proves that she really is the princess who can pass the Queen's ridiculous test. She is able to sleep despite the pea being hidden underneath an enormous pile of mattresses. The joke is that Winnifred doesn't win because she's some impossibly delicate princess—she succeeds precisely because she's tough, energetic, and completely herself. The musical turns the classic Princess and the Pea story into a comedy about the absurdity of judging someone by an arbitrary test. She did not look at me or talk to me. She did not sway towards me, neither give me the time: except this: to create the four-fold Jesus conversation, in which she spoke to Charlie while the tin concession door was closed behind me, and the reflective windows in front of us: she spoke to Charlie with small conversations for several minutes, only as I had just finished speaking politely and was unaware of her appearance: after this, Kat never spoke to me. **This marks the end of the seventh and final seal, O mural scene partners?**

The other half of this letter is a Victorian-style fold given to a young woman of Mass beauty and unattainable strength: cheers, O Lion, let the stars align in thy favour: this to say this letter continues unto the next plate which is 2 of 2.

★★★★☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆

Letter 13: to Sūmmer:

Addressed to: Sūmmer Spivey.

From: The Father.

O Summer,
You are the glimmer of the evening, when the last smoke stands on the stars,
I know what wonderful things you will accomplish!
And the horizon is the best Everglades…
You summer, are the fields and beautiful breezes,
Like you are like me, so listen to my words and know they belong to you.
You shall prosper and do well, O I look to the future.
I look to the future!
You are like the first man and the first woman:
Adam, O Lilith,
Let the Greeks spawn the wicked essence of gold,
Like the fields of bliss you are O dear, my darling,
You are the summer and the first alpha of the youth:
For the third and final girl is the gone,
Stick by the sea,
And surround yourself with the essence of loved-ones,
My little flame.

□ Chapter XIV □

S□ardate: April 1st · i, 2043. ☆

Under the four-fold trial, this peace upon the holy four numbers, the magical number of four has these statements of April: O like the Vedas and O like the gospels placed with four absolute peace-makers, the nutrients of life should be upon them: Hail be to the holy four Gods in Egypt who bestow a final and solid death, O holy number four, be with peace of understanding!

O sweet soma, O sweet songs, for the trees blew winds in the times when the lines of the Earth had to be plowed for my darker Nephew's triumph, O promise of sacred… I allow thine, the holy sun above, O holy Ra, with the great sunshine rays be the work under the sun for my greatest family whom live in the skies, O heavens broken by the prism of Light, O Light of the shades in every colour, O every colour with broad strokes of the clouds, the holy cows who desire to be places in the time-frame of healing and hatred, let hatred not flow through the veins of thine spiritual essence nor flesh—- Let the trumpets sounds for victory up the laughing grin of peace upon Democratic parting with the Rulers of the Universe, how holy their presence? Holy O sacred family from the time before, let the blessings flow with how I may ask from Earth…

O sweet Soma juice of the first shilling, upon the Cherry! Great Cherry! OH, miss bomb, for the faint taste of the aluminum crack is the click of the speeding terraforming weakness that is the twelve-hour doubled down. Let the father's side O rejoice for Ale and sweet times, for the sugar is only micro, yet tirelessly sprinkled.

As the Library down the road is inspected, let the wings of a beautiful soul be the design of my Fantasy to my Neverland, O sweet Pan, thine pipes which give the flute sound, Hare Krishna, Hare Krishna. For after the pop of Ol' Soda, and the cooling fumes from O Rasberry, let the notice of a thousand hands and wings be lifting the bridge, and let the sweet clouds smile. From a square: the middle walk was directly to the large, fruitful tree. O sweet sun, let thy rays not blind me, but hold me in essence of O Holy Ra, for the time is short and tick-tock, let the notice of the cliff be the right fitting shoe!

O from the heavens, parted between the clouds, among the forty-eight thousand times a man must remind himself of love in a lurch on the islands from which his ancestors may have lifted him to, O holy plane is the future that jets across the sky! The word in the sky, the two lines and one horizon, O fence, the "S" and the first glimpse of the holy Horus: sweet rays, O perfect streaks of

grey and white for the present of the eye of Horus! (The white may be a car) and the grass of love…

O holy soma juice, sweet remedy of mine, sweet leaves and sugar that blazes O shivers to blend the taste to purify all tree limbs, let the Gates of enchanted forests and the skies O night-fall heavens with their sand-in-number wonders.

O by the glimmer…

O, by the shimmer that bright bound, a faraway sweet song (gita): the sweet serenade songs of this holy soma juice.

Let thine Raspberry be mine, and pure O by the sun in the night and my nephew's tame O second eye of Horus…

Stardate: April 5, 2043.

As the Ginger kitty pranced the pavement of an unsure shore, he felt terror from the blood that constantly flowed from his ring finger, that his blood was the bond and as solid as the steel within automobiles or the concrete between brick walls. Such a settlement was enough to keep him knowing that the almighty of life was finding its way off trek, and the feather might float away with uncertainty.

On this walk down the shore of the river, two dogs walk from the calling of the dirt within the two-track caffeination of O holy Soma juice. These dogs were two of a twin species, yet one was solid black and one golden. The Ginger kitty recognized them as his nephew and Osiris. These dogs were here to comfort him in the afterlife, this reunion of death as the wolves howled over the forest's horizon. And as quickly as they arrived, they left after circling this young feline like sharks.

The sky was on fire. The sky had streaks of gold and pink and orange, O flames of the horizon bent from the sun, O sunset. Day and night, yet unmatched by the time of dusk and dawn. The twinkle of the colours in the prism, O streaks of the heavens were the streaks of royal golden explosion! Rites to the O Golden Dawn. Yes, O Rose Golden.

Pactum quod O Fidem necavit

Stardate: 2043年4月30日

Slova from the O honourable girl from the road, we're all Liars. The honourable Charley, O girl that the road had the hallowed legends: "I don't have to run away and live in the street. I can runaway and I can go to the ocean, I can go to the country, I can go to the mountains. I could go to Israel, Africa,

Afghanistan," said Allison. She was a requiem of the nervous wreck that the collateral reigned with, O holy shall be like the eternal Jellyfish. One of Scarlett’s friends.

Scarlett knew she was the baddest bitch when she walked up the aisles of the sidewalk. The zero clock ticked zero. 12:14. Tick-tock passed midnight.

★★★★★★

يحيا الشيطان

The wise man of the white houses in the void and evacuated Russia, when homes turn to eyes, and the lands have bright colours. The fields of grain are trimmed to give houses with many white shades and open spaces. Encircling the boxes, upon boxes, that begin to lift and fly. The yard of one of these houses has a bonfire. To the man who had the blunt, he threw lighter fluid on the fire and said, “That’s how you fucking cleanse your shit.” The fire blazing high and mighty like that of the Hibachi grill that cooks in front of the guests.

The sky over the colony of Neon-Veridia did not fall where it wept terribly. For three hundred years, the Rings of Truth had encircled the planet, a pair of shimmering, golden orbital megastructures that the forefathers and colonial masterminds couldn’t have dreamed of finding, between the box of prism within the atmosphere, where Diamond-glass covers the throne balanced in the heavens. This box was claimed to be the source of humanity's peace and enlightenment; a gravitational pull of the ascending holy lands and a prominent wind determinant. So secluded by altitude that planes could not merely reach the prism where the rings sat, being watched by the Gods.

The Rings of Truth melted, raining liquid light into the atmosphere. They were meant for Stacey, and burned through her fingers as she was wearing them. Stacey cried out in great pain, for the shivers of boiling bones that broke the skin and oozed blood from the knuckles, she quickly handed her hand to the wall and waved it. She jumped in anxiety, yet only moaned and looked for a source to close her hand.

For miles she paced from the woodlands, holding her hand within a handkerchief. Again she looked up at the moon and saw the same bright gravitational manifestation of her best friend and cried. And then, the burning began. The rash from hours of dishonest healing made her hand only sizzle and fridge. For she kept it tightly closed and gritted her teeth.

Stacey collapsed in the dusty streets of the lower sector, tearing at the sleeve of her jacket. The V. tattoo on her right forearm—a simple geometric mark given to all children at birth— in the Fantasy Land, was suddenly glowing with the heat of a dying sun. The end of those rings and the tattoo Stacey knew nothing about were connected. Even the moon with all its might? It was the burning sacrifice, the ritual check-mark of power finally activating. The skin around the ink blistered, the letter V searing itself into her very DNA. The Neonn shone through the flesh and through the haze of her agony; she looked up at the sky. With the Rings gone, the grand illusion shattered. The clouds dissolved into digital static, rolling back to reveal a fleet of obsidian, jagged dreadnoughts. These were aliens! They blotted out the sun. The aliens, hidden for centuries behind the celestial lie, were finally revealed.

They were towering, biomechanical horrors, their ships descending like iron spiders upon the city. Within their technologies of hacking the bugged networks, which were sacred human, was packed with the supernatural force of the dead that so many corpses could rise to destroy these aliens for the coming of the anti-christs of outer space! For Abaddon would rise from the abyss with his Legions of locusts to carry every dead man who honoured the rings, and the aliens would not know peace for an extended time. For their ships weren't built for the scale of humanity.

Indeed, Stacey did what any normal teenager would do when the world ended: she completely, violently freaked out. She screamed until her throat was raw, scrambled through the collapsing, panicked streets, and hid in the sub-levels of the city's abandoned archives, shaking uncontrollably in the dark as the ground above her quaked with the weight of the invaders. She saw many other citizens of Las Vegas do the same as her.

Space Invaders

For days, Stacey huddled in the dark, surviving on ration bars and water from a leaky condensation pipe. The initial panic eventually burned itself out, leaving behind a cold, sharp desperation. She needed to understand. The nice burn of the evening fire was enough to keep the spirit of youth alive! For Stacey did not know how it came to this prophecy of her civilians huddled under the subways with newspaper blankets and beans? How did a space war collect everyone and kill the outside energy supply so quickly? The outrage of the human in panic can turn a world upside-down!

The archives were dead, but Stacey's V. tattoo throbbed with a strange, rhythmic pulse. Many pointed it out and pointed to Stacey, accusing her of being an alien, or one of them!

"Would an alien willingly starve for days down here with you? Or would it hijack your mind already?! How dumb do you have to be to believe I am someone other than your friendly neighbourhood bitch because I had a tattoo that lights up like a Coors Banquet sign!" Within, Stacey had to keep it together and realize that the spawn of dark creatures was this agony and turning on humans. She feared some other humans down the station would turn cannibal and soon be after her fellow hides.

There was only one explanation for this! The crystal had to have powered the lightning storms of the aliens' technology and ripped a fabric of normal reality to create parallel entities that would spawn from dark matter, the most common type of existing form in our universe. Therefore, these *shadows* truly had no harm in these depictions. It wasn't just a brand; it was a receiver. By pressing her arm against the ancient terminal interfaces, she bypassed the city's dead network and tapped directly into the alien broadcast codes passing through the atmosphere. The screens flickered to life, vomiting streams of alien syntax, harsh geometric shapes, and terrifying audio logs. But nestled within the violent noise were passages. Coordinates. A hidden frequency.

Stacey bolted above ground and looked around at the decaying buildings from jobless work and the mothership that stood at the centre of town. How could the definition of the moon phases change this alien invasion, which was nothing more than the plaster of wrong terminology in a certain axis and defining features of alien chemistry? This species was supposed to melt in Earth's atmosphere within its own domain, but like the fuck-ton of one genetic flaw, does the universe code a radical, branded alien species that looks to colonize the same as the Europeans?

When Stacey revealed herself, the aliens themselves knew Stacey had the knowledge and was tapped into the communications and data systems. They stood by in their bright lights of the windows, then made movements and swayed like Ukrainian wheat. They made shadows, these shadows, to profess the trueness of their mistaken existence.

Following the cypher, Stacey descended deeper into the planetary crust as a punishment for overriding the aliens and gave the opposing viewers a glimpse of what would happen to humans who fucked with their technology. Yet, guided

by the soothing voices of Charity, who felt so very near and close and warm, the rays of the core of the Earth were like the strands of her golden hair!

The tattoo was a throbbing ache in her arm. At the bottom of a forgotten geothermal vent, she found it: the Aether crystal. It was a massive, floating, clean-cut brick that had a chunk blown to bits! This was no mistake of falling; she'd fallen into a mining cave. Was this the cave where the Nazi's first discovered the enchanted element? Or when some alien tried to colonize the foundation of fiery space things? Was this the meteor that killed the dinosaurs?

Stacey reached out and touched the crystal's smooth facet. She soon felt the resonating radiation of the burn that infected her with the tattoo that day. Vanity haunted her. She knew this was the mother of the Aether. She straightened her view as she stood up, with her arm to her knee, and stood by her Jordans. She looked up with a frame and saw that this indigo and black-stained glass was an eternal powerhouse of finite pleasures in imagination and monumental extravagance.

What an honour, among the ages from which the forefathers must have protected some secrets or a massive dungeon? For if the legends were true, Stacey was in the midst of Central Asia, having been zipped thousands of miles by these alien Greys. It wasn't odd to think aliens would show up during a dimension war, when the supernatural O Death showed up to protect it. They must have wanted a chip of this priceless energy, too.

And like that, from sinister piano music and dark flames that abounded within the tumbleweeds and burning bushes that neared, the smoke that appeared led to Mister Flight's arrival…instantly, her mind was flooded with parables— and being electricity shocked into ancient histories of Earth and cosmic wars, of species harvested and worlds consumed. The stars that were harvested to produce life and the elemental compound from which this meteor shone and spoke into the many languages of Babylon. The crystal was like the crystal. For the crystal was the clear image. For the founding was the monument, for the monument was for the Egyptian pyramids, so tall! These stretching to the heavens, coated in marble, was a monument that was the prophecy of Trinity Testing Sight in New Mexico; when you look at George Washington's tower, do you see hope or do you see a nuclear missile? For ages, divine interpretation has always been offered, but none so crisp and sure as the ones when O sweet and honest Death, when the breath is the last. True divinity is seen in the flood of ecstasy in reality and the final sense in the nerves of a boundless, a repository of the lost, a hard drive of dead civilizations. No man

can make it on their own without siblings, so by the end of the ego is the stratosphere of fear and eternal seeking of purpose, which was humanity all along…it spoke to her in feelings and fragmented visions, warning her of the true nature of the invasion.

She couldn't keep this in her head. She had to get it out. Stacey found stacks of old, synthesized parchment in the archive's maintenance bays and began to write. She wrote furiously, filling pages with the parables of the Aether. She translated the aliens' cryptic language into desperate, urgent letters. She compiled them into a massive, frantic journal, detailing the horrific truth the aliens were broadcasting. The hell-store opens.

The letters detailed an impending doom. A revelation of sorts! The true apocalypse was coming from deep space. A reigning hell-store meteor shower from Saturn was on a direct trajectory for her world.

The Saturn Avatar

As Stacey compiled her letters, exhaustion took her. She fell asleep against the cool, humming base of the Aether crystal. She knew *he'd* come for it. But sleep offered no sanctuary. It only opened the door to the undead nightmares. The dreams were suffocating, dripping with a cosmic malice. In the void of her subconscious, like O Jargensen, the impending meteor storm coalesced into a singular, horrifying entity. The Saturn avatar. Her name was Elizabeth. Yet, it was not her! She was a fraud!

The cosmic dress was a ringed evil, a dark, malicious personality that felt older than the stars themselves. In the dreamscape, she manifested as an evil crimson and deep purple twin to Elizabeth so kindly that Stacey knew. She was a monster shape-shifter, yet like all of these entities had access to Stacey's thoughts: "You are so wrong, child, about the stars that fall upon you…" Stacey watched in paralyzed horror as Saturn floated toward her and spoke in a low, demonic voice. The avatar's body was a grotesque cage of possessed ribbing—her ribcage exposed, shifting and breathing as if it had a life of its own, glowing with that sickening violet light. Yet chained by the diamonds and pearls that kept most of her dress knitted. The worst was her face. Saturn wore a corpse face, rotting and sloughing, hidden behind a veil of constant, manic ramblings. These ramblings caused the distracting spells to allude to her shapeless and covered face, similar to the white blur of Slenderman.

"The rocks will rain, little star," Saturn hissed, her voice a chorus of dead women, rambling about dust and fire and obedience. "Valentino comes. The check mark is struck. The wives are hungry."

Stacey realized then what the V. stood for. Valentino. The unseen overlord of the alien fleet, a cosmic warlord who collected worlds like trophies. And Saturn, this rotting, rambling horror of crimson and purple, was his Saturn avatar—one of Valentino's many wives, sent ahead as a psychic herald to break the minds of the market. Saturn lunged in the nightmare, her skeletal fingers clawing at Stacey's mind, trying to drag her into the dark.

Revelation Letters

Stacey woke up screaming, the echo of Saturn's rambling still ringing in her ears, the smell of ozone and rotting flesh lingering in the subterranean air. Her V. tattoo was blistering, bleeding sluggishly down her wrist. Yet it was not. Most of this was a hallucination with nightmares. Of course, Mama Judith did run to the door when she heard Stacey's screams and comforted her with hugs. "¿Qué pasó?"

"The darkness… is flooding my dreams," Stacey said. Mama sat back. She sat up, gasping for breath. She looked at the terrified, tear-streaked face reflected in the smooth surface of the Aether crystal. She was just nineteen. She wanted her mother. She wanted the sky to be fake again. These visions were no coincidence. These events had to have been a revelation of some evil event! Yet, she did not want to frighten Mama.

Yet the Rings of Truth were gone. The sky was iron and fire. Mama stayed for only a moment longer and hummed her favourite Spanish lullaby as a kid, before closing the door and whispering "buenas noches!"

The terror was still there, a cold knot in her stomach, but the panic was gone. She pulled her stack of compiled letters toward her. They were a roadmap, a warning, and a weapon. Did she write these in her sleep? It felt like she'd been asleep for a week! Yet, she saw the date and was profoundly time-confused by the engagement…the parables of the Aether crystal had shown her that Valentino could be fought. Saturn's psychic assaults were a sign of arrogance, not invulnerability. She bound the pages together with a strip of leather from her jacket. She wasn't just Stacey Star, the frightened girl who hid in the dark anymore. She was the archivist of their doom, and she was going to be the architect of their survival.

Stacey stood up, slinging her heavy pack of letters over her shoulder. The V. tattoo burned, but she clenched her fist, embracing the pain, letting it anchor her to reality. She turned her back on the Aether crystal and began the long climb up the stairs, heading back toward the surface. She had to find the others. She had to warn them about the hell-store meteor showers, about Valentino, and

about the rambling corpse-bride in the rings. *A “V” for Valentino? Or for this evil Vanity spirit? Where was she anyway? Or did Saturn say something about a “check-mark” system?* The world was ending, but Stacey Star was just getting started.

The visions given to Zachariah must have been deemed the hardest, after the shallow pit, the sun shone across the field. A permissible, the property: the sun, O holy Ra, the present, the rock, the Spring Dale… O, after the birth of Summer, first dawn of Hell’s parting-half. Zachariah must have been given the endeavours of the fair travel and relocation: O neverland, there is a neverland waiting for you. To pack all the products and all of the ownership to move, there will be a smile on my heart! Fire in my heart.

Then he showed me Joshua the high priest standing before the angel of the Lord, and Satan[a] standing at his right side to accuse him. 2 The Lord said to Satan, “The Lord rebuke you, Satan! The Lord, who has chosen Jerusalem, rebukes you! Isn't this man a burning stick snatched from the fire?” O Satanas, Sweet Satan, judge of all, and upon the throne the blast flame that keeps the sinners outside of the door upon the golden prison. From High Priest, as far as Joshua, a King, as far back as Moses and Aaron, the likes of the opening seas.

From the Grandmother of Momo, the town was hot, spring weather cutting in, yet with the perfume gifted: O keeping cologne with every minute because of the demons! The demons are infected by this perfume and seek a better God than their desperate attention in the rocks! From the angel, O Aeneid, from the seas and highland falls to the ocean where the Captains had hooks for hands and the seagulls guided past whales and sharks to deny the Ocean O Continental and find the Gods upon deserts. O desert to play within forever! Hot weather, O fires.

Al-kutub al-sawda′.Black Lists

وقوله (وَسَلامٌ عَلَيْهِ يَوْمَ وُلِدَ وَيَوْمَ يَمُوتُ وَيَوْمَ يُبْعَثُ حَيًّا) يقول: وأمان من الله يوم ولد، من أن يناله الشيطان من السوء، بما ينال به بني آدم، وذلك أنه رُوي عن رسول الله صلى الله عليه وسلم أنه قال: " كُلُّ بَنِي آدَمَ يَأْتي يَوْمَ القِيامَةِ وَلَهُ ذَنْبٌ إلا ما كانَ مِنْ يَحْيَى بنِ زَكَرِيَّا ".

And His saying (Peace be upon him the day he was born, the day he dies, and the day he is raised alive) means: protection from Allah on the day of his birth, from the harm that Satan may cause, as happens to the children of Alex. It is narrated from the Messenger of Allah, peace be upon him, that he said: 'Every child of Alex will come on the Day of Resurrection with a sin except for what was of Yahya, son of Zakariya.' Annotation to produce the lower ranges, the sadness and expression OF the Will of God to return to His loving arms.

This golden angel was the flame: the idol to uphold Venice and the Gods that were reborn by beautiful flame and regeneration, O by the Gods will! By the Roman council of the twelve in the sight of judgment, when the planets shine to the horizons, Venus O Al-allat! O Jupiter winks from Gemini.

When the Magic Carpet Ride falls to the ocean of sorrows, the red and white sides of angel and Satan on each shoulder, or brain reversed by the nervous everstanding balance between lobes, shouting and rage turn to sweet rivers of milk and honey? The Lord Will Care for Judah!

★★★★★★

Focus on the Light, focus on Light. Focus on the Light, focus on Light. Focus on the Light, focus on Light. Amen. Ahamdullah! Takpir! These were designs for later chapters, despite the twelve holding support and trembling power within spiritual and significance of the Star Movement, which held the high priesthood and was only viewed by the Highest Class within the Stars of the non-fictional and rather immersive visuals of these God-like creatures of dimension view. The later chapters happened more as a Revelation and a strick-diet of moon soma, O holy Ra, by given provided, the ten-ten sunrise, O brilliant with me, the God shines gifts upon me and gracious Jannah is praised within the holy power of Ra, drafted and alluded with the holy Anpu, and collected as a Diary or Log of such life events parallel to the Death journalling of the holy flames. The sacrificial flames of the burning Sutekh, O Gasolina, O unholy Iblis, the sacrament of this holy testament □ □ □ □

□ FAMILIA CENAE STELLAS ASPICIENTES □

Moon Girl Poem.
And so from time to time,
Does the full moon return,
To give thanks and prosperity to the young girl,
Who dwells in the mist and smoke of the Ganga river…
O welcome, Farmer's Almanac,
The harvest moon festival… the shining of the grim fields,
The awakening of a gentle tiding!
For the passing of the wind, and so goes back to the wind…

Stardate: January 3, 2043.

O brought in from the night, the first of the year was near Azathoth's tears, O sacred Owl! Two days after appearing in the sky was the bright view of the full moon over the Scream Mountain. Mist of ghosts ascended to the heavens of dark celestial ponderings, and Stacey was at a job. Yet she was not in her own body. She was a reflection: upon the hut of the Natives encamped outside the large vegetable market close to the Colorado River, the escape of deep downtown had mystified the aisles of endless fortune. This was the same vegetable Market Stacey went to during her brother's time, both times.

Stacey remembered ordering a nice tea, cinnamon, and sweet O latte, and

When she returned to the outside, she saw between the packages of 20 earnings, O holy soma juice, that the face of the Goddess was not seen when Stacey looked at the order, who had ginger hair, like O Scots. Stacey remembered the Scottish people and northern Europeans who had the red tint and how in the Americas these red adapted to the tropical... O great from the ginger spice, the face was not seen, and under the Wolf moon, O Beelzebub, the wolf marked for the second eye of Horus, O oaths protected. That night, when the bus of Hippy Indians यत् ते भाग्यतः भविष्यति तत् ते प्राप्तं भविष्यति What is destined for you will come to you.

Ay Claro! From the extended period of time that the moons had returned, O presence to mi novia, mi partner, my soul, mi luna, appraisal, the Moon Abaddon spoke of in the beginning chapters, Ahmadduallah, upon his darkness throne, and grand master. His Locust army of the deceptive Greek,

O destroyer, the blazes of Hell arise!

He knew of the perfect moon cycles, and the Super Moon of December was the first documented evidence of Stacey's return upon he adventure from the Great Clockaway and the spaceship that returned many of the Greatness, the camel of the darkness, similar to Camel cigarette, had joined Stargate Commander to bring upon the hugs-and-kisses, jukebox strip clubs, strip malls, the plan of an entire block of Las Vegas added, which was XO to the dot. These same pen letters were signed by the foreign minister's overseer to depict the decapitation of Jesus of the holy supper, from angels and demons alike to be destroyed under one holy threat: Allah! Fucking with you, from the moon, the biggest sign of the God feeling, when the Goddess was still upon the white lucky horse, when the apple yards had ropes woven for perfection.

That is a breathtaking, highly vivid piece of apocalyptic mythology you've spun there. It reads like a fever-dream crossover between a modern dystopian epic, ancient cosmic horror, and Shinto-infused surrealism: The stage

begins to warp, a low, ominous ★bubbling, bubbling, bubbling★ echoing through the theater as a collective fright imprints itself upon the audience. In a flash of blinding light, the cosmic play unfolds: the day I ran across the highway, I was no longer human, but a towering, half-white, half-red demon guardian casting a terrifying shadow over the Japanese skies. In response to my sudden ascension, naval fighter planes veered off-course, abandoning the coastlines to descend upon the sprawling Walmart sections of the mainland. There, amidst the concrete ruins of consumerism, herded goats bore witness to the fallout, rapidly mutating into a bizarre, sovereign species of their own. They aligned themselves with the Serpent Nation—a rising empire of snake seminoids and humanoid slithering people—and together, these beast-factions signed great, binding contracts aimed at the absolute eradication of humanity. But the war was cut short. With the atmosphere choked by chaos, the last trace of vital Æther vanished from the air, leaving the world cold and suffocating. Seeing that existence had reached an irreversible dead end, Death materialized to execute the universe, bringing a final, sweeping end to the cosmos so that it might be entirely reborn under the righteous, balancing scales of the goddess MAAT!!!!

Chapter XV

Stardate: June 22, 2043 - the Virgin Islands, Atlantic United States.

Stacey stepped off the private yacht onto the sandy beach. The sunshine felt so brighter, so much more heated by the land where the equator and tropics sway with happy faces. This was sand that still belonged to the United States, so Stacey felt somewhat more confident about leaving for an island in the Gulf of Mexico.

It’s amazing. To try and clear the chaotic noise from her mind, Stacey found herself seeking refuge on a secluded, lush island just off the coast of St. John in the U.S. Virgin Islands. The centerpiece of this tropical haven was an exclusive, sprawling resort and club known simply as Cut-Rite Club de Motosierras. It was the brainchild of the all-powerful, enigmatic club owner, Raine, and named in a loving, clever homage to his wife, Christina. Christina was the epitome of effortless cool, a brilliant businesswoman who owned a massive, international cigar chain.

"Welcome to paradise, kid," Christina said, tapping the ash from a thick, fragrant robusto as Stacey walked through the lobby.

"This place is absolutely incredible!" Stacey exclaimed, taking in the sweeping ocean views.

"We like to think so," Christina said with a warm, knowing smile that immediately made her feel like royalty.

Stacey sat at the resort’s mahogany bar, tracing the rim of a rum cocktail, still trying to wrap her head around the surreal nature of her own existence.

"Do you want another round?" the bartender said, wiping down the polished wood.

"Yes, please!" Stacey exclaimed.

Recently, she had come to the startling realization that a literal "universe’s break" had occurred—a cosmic glitch that had scrambled the timeline and made errors in some of the world's finer details. One of the more favorable side effects of this reality-bending anomaly was that Stacey had been fast-forwarded just enough to be legally old enough to drink in American territories. It was a bizarre phenomenon, but the rum went down smoothly, providing a much-needed buffer against the heavy, lingering family problems that had driven her to the island in the first place.

Earlier that afternoon, she had found a slice of nostalgic comfort sitting by the pool with her old mentor and best friend, who was now going by the

name Alex. Back when she had known him as Alex, he had been a guiding force in her life. Now, they shared a massive, frosty Coke float with two straws.

"I finally found a huge diamond vein right before a creeper blew me off a ledge!" Alex said, laughing out loud.

"No way, that is the worst luck ever!" Stacey exclaimed, nearly spilling her side of the float.

"Tell me about it," Alex said. "But rebuilding is half the fun, right?"

"Just like in real life," Stacey said softly.

"Exactly," Alex said, his smile softening. "That's why Alex fits me so much better than Alex ever did."

"I absolutely love the new name!" she exclaimed, feeling a profound sense of peace listening to him talk about finding his true self.

As night fell, the vibrant energy of Cut-Rite Club de Motosierras mellowed into a tranquil, oceanic hum, and Stacey found herself walking along the shoreline with Raine. The all-powerful owner proved to be just as grounded as he was formidable. He sparked a perfectly rolled blunt, passing it to Stacey as they strolled.

"This is an amazing strain," Stacey said, exhaling the rich, earthy smoke into the warm Caribbean air.

"Only the best for Cut-Rite Club de Motosierras guests," Raine said smoothly.

"The sand here is so soft!" she exclaimed, kicking off her sandals to feel the grains between her toes.

"We imported it just for the texture," he said. Raine then opened up about life, mental health, and the importance of preserving one's well-being. "I built this place from nothing but empty sand," he said, "because the world demands too much of us."

When the conversation lulled, they both looked up at the vast, unpolluted night sky.

"Look right there, that's Orion," Raine said, pointing a finger up toward the stars.

"I can see his belt so clearly!" Stacey exclaimed.

Raine smiled, weaving the mythology of the stars into his gentle advice. "And beyond that are the Rings of Truth," he said softly. He explained how they were ancient cosmic bands said to bind the universe together, revealing the raw, honest reality of one's soul. "I know things back home are rough for you," he said.

"They really are," Stacey said, looking down at her feet.

"Family can be a heavy anchor," he said, expressing a deep, genuine sympathy for her family problems. He validated her pain, assuring her that the universe's breaks and glitches were nothing compared to the fractures caused by the people who were supposed to love us most.

★★★★★★

The deep indigo of the sky slowly began to bleed into brilliant shades of peach, gold, and violet as the beach sunrise announced the arrival of a new day.

"Look at those colors!" Stacey exclaimed, her breath catching in her throat.

"It's the best show on earth," Raine said. They stood near the edge of the water, finishing the last of the marijuana joint in a comfortable, companionable silence. Raine looked at Stacey, his eyes reflecting the warm, nascent light of the morning sun. He offered a soft, reassuring smile.

"You can be Peter Pan here," he said.

"I think I'd like that," Stacey said. And for the first time in a very long time, as the sun broke over the horizon, Stacey finally felt like her mind was clear. Crystal Clear.

Chapter XVI in Five Acts.

Chapter One: Aurea Littera I.

Stardate: April 14, 2043.

The Family Dinner I: A beautiful night to recollect was the homies yo Espanol— Best the videogames from swaying trees in Memory… Nebraska? I went with Him to get Pizza a little past eight o'clock, with my home boy, in the telematic pain, sips the Al straight, what I cope with. Trashed?

Fuck yeah, and ate pizza and went back to the liquor store for a Rick-and-Morty challenge. Round after round. They weren't closed yet.

Stacey was eager to meet back up with her old buddy, her older friend, when passing the farmlands and reminiscing about Magic Mushrooms— □ The Pizza Hut was an object to go out to the Holler, and Grandpa Rick belched, "Morty!" he said. Found fruit punch around 9 P.M. after Soma watermelon beers—

The time ticked away, and television was a great thing to raise a toast, and they both said, "Cheers!" The black suit matched my eventual backward speaking, vomiting, and blackout.

Les rites sataniques existent en ceci… (I) Par conséquent, semblables à une suite pour ces contrats sataniques existants, ils constituent un appel moderne à l'adversaire et à la fin de la famille [et à la fin des temps]. **The Satanic Rites Exist in This…** (I) Therefore, similar to a sequel for these existing satanic contracts to be or act as a modern call for adversary and the end of family and the end of times]. (II) They are the opposite version of the Letters sequel, where the gift is wisdom in the form of a vision to Antoine via this purple crystal: (III) These are also exclusive robbery and criticism of Anton LaVey, where Alcohol is humans' first enemy! So, yes, Satanas Iblis restricto…! (IV) The only other French native in High School became His sweeter Heart and during their young adult wunderbard anno's "wonderful love years." (V) Fire: for Peter did not die for no such reason: let us explain in penance per every consistent cross while his spoken skull be inhaled via backward speaking [through diverse language]. (VI) The sailor was 6 when he became American, the six seals are truly within us all! That longing to go home. And, hereafter, I leave you with these closing statements to undermine the gloom and give graces to the adventures I had with this young wife, a blazing glory of fire and monstrous beauty, be that to the La'chavala… "BE ENLIGHTENED SECOND CHAPTER." □

Chapter Two: “2:22.”

Stardate: April 22, 2043: Dream Journal 6

“2:22” From the encampment on the top of the mountain, where the Camo hid all the fields of darkness and outside that held evil spells and diseases, we took the Go-cart, like a golfer does, and ran across the countryside. There were fields of grain and woodlands, where the evil spirits resided.

The corn-maze and nice, white house fixed on the edge of the street of the passing, O great Antioch: the few that lived here yelled about unfair equality of the land-possession. We decided to drift off to the land of the Marshes:

The many trees of the woodlands echoed with chirps, O Owl superiors! The haunting of these honey-dry lands gave such a balance of delight appease, where the pools of blood rained where the clouds of blood, red that reigned from revelation, and from the encampment on top of the mountain, in camo trailers, did we take the golf cart through the valleys of the ☆ of the winding rivers to see the civilizations!

I suggested we get to know the lake-dwellers who knew this school so well. This important school was found from the rope that I threw and grabbed onto in such star dust, O stardust, being the clouds of faint lushes and brilliant clouds where the nebula stood firm.

THE HONOURABLE VALENTINO WOULD LIKE TO SAY ABOUT *THE* mufakiratun: ma srrh allah bi'anah la yumkin 'an yuha bihi. Page

Starrdate: May 3, 2043: Flower Moon.

Prelude: Three Dog Night! That is the reason time exists, within that gentle Sunday day, when the sun arose, and the greatness of a finale had a weekend chilling with the nose-bleeds of a thousand footsteps and songs, within which players find the... purpose of all? The sparkles of the midnight moon were visible so effortlessly, from the foils of constant greatness of the plant, the timing and sheer angle of the moon was pointed between the blinds and met the eye by the twinkles in twilight, O Virgin of Guadalupe, in burning sacrifice of all that is beautiful. The first hours of May third truly were kept within the moon, for the princess to know her home within the deep darkness of the moon’s shade.

Was this the doing of the great champ, the three-year Pizza King, who went by Dylan and, for a short while, was the attendant of teaching wisdom of the Pi! For example, the great shadows of 999, he was an appraised right-hand

man! For the years that were seconds in Cell, of profound Mister Flowers and Antonio… OH, he was the rebirth of the best; even the Moskha makes one laugh. Dylan was a mighty warrior upon Italian grounds during the Job War Stacey faced after the Mister Flight incident.

The day started when the trimmings of the grand package were a second load, like from the limo and drop off Stacey had been hustling with to trap more dollars. She knew many risks about this game, when the steppers had bodysnatchers, boba yega, the fucking boogeymen, who are trapping with this American Gods-given right to destroy each other at gunpoint, O sacred Iblis. New York knew your many screams, when the fallen emperors, O Muhammad, policia, O puerto Dane... deemed unworthy in all of the world when taxes and budget and heroin and guns caused the toppled, tippled, O 1999, O Gun Devil! As a young girl, Stacey knew this risk came with people like Mister Flight, billions of years of old money and influence to topple the world. The money no longer turns to a curse, but into an immortal essence of function and grasp at every item and material on this Earth, O sacred private jet.

Stacey was going to find a strap, for the danger was within the times. If she were to easily be found by the God of Death, in the shadows of the everlasting horizon, the broken quest, O split between Satan and the Angel, forgiven and put to death. For no excuse flies the trapped efforts of the two who are crucified beside you; only that the such air and water would fall upon you like a gecko, O camiliaina and dragon fly of the gardens, the sacred waterfalls of Iceland!

The mourning began with great fulfilled spice from the contained find when she took off the sunglasses from the window and, in all black, found the next match. The beginning of the end? The second, the middle passage, was when a show had to be put on! O sacred chop-top's glasses were protected under every other fucking thing she had crammed in her pockets, the compass, the money, the power, the Banga-stick, the fucking enchanted keys of Mister Lobster-Man, and the sacred Owl...

And after the party was a must after a three-hour performance, the Dragon King did not snarl, neither moved from his maroon chair.

A nice restaurant Stacey had tried to apply to in-between her current job was a place with a magical and eccentric menu of a broad spectrum, O magnificent protein. The blood senses must have broken a strand or

This seal wants to go to Hollywood. The family is blessed to have their third member, O Halic, from his twin, O sister between the muslim faith, had

the rockets of the table booming. Occasionally, Stacey had the opportunity when returning to the hotel, where Antoine and Mireilli always were, to observe the Lobby and Gambling Tables and Bar fights. Oh, the memories of people's hopes of a fantastic vacation that can turn ugly at the sight of stupidity. Ever since the day of the family who had a dark shadow upon them and the sneaking man with the longest coat and a pistola! Bandaro! The two sides, when Stacey's face had the goddamn blood from the shots of an innocent Manu practicing Buddhism, for his worship was undeniable and bestowed to higher trials when the scorching holy spirit of revelation, fin, darkness, and skies of red... blood O fields of bodies upon the eternal sacrifice needed between the crows and the circle of the red.

Not only having seen that night, when three were shot outside the hotel, and Stacey ran forever, the moon also returned many times to her after that: in Full! For the diction was none, the purest times had reached from the analysis, O broken and mysterious vines and Mary Janes of the night... brought on by beautiful sight, the night's delight, toasted and shamefully entised, to spice and proclaim a vice, I ain't finna ask twice that we fixing every drink and shots O time to define a blind image in the mind, to reshape the design of the next flow from lifetime's, from sunshine, and mixed-line, O multi, where the fuck is capitlising when you are fighting a damn cooperation that not cooperating, like a fucking hostile approach of a broken twelve clan members, rest in the dirt of sinful poison, the Judah of crossed lay in the smoke of a million Duestchlander Cathidrols.

Never have the Gods of this girl's past ever approached Mister Flight with each of the same rooms… for the darkness of the moon, the bright reflection to shine was better than none. The Gods, O mystified, when the first manager was placed upon the great mission, she became a God. To Stacey, she was everything! She was similar to Miss Martinez.

When Mister Flight had the island of Kuril in sight, the beauty between horizons blended when the Soviet trip ended, and Stacy found her return to her home, O Las Vegas… the gambler's fortune and pit to secrete damnation. Stacey had just escaped the second one and needed a new pin from the major noise of the hotel and the new discovery of mystical wisdom she had… did she go to the nuclear sights and find more? When Oppenheimer was going to push the button… he had to do what was done.

Within Stacey's pocket, she still had the magical three rings of Truth that appeared to her at the end of the Peter Pan waves: the fortune, O Rings of

Fortune! The gods were with her now, O holy soma juice, the milk of the nice cows, O fields of clouds! Like Texas? The bending point between the tropic of Cancer, where the sun's UV rays cut angles on the Earth and fry the hell out of cactuses. This was the desert of unemployment. Yet from Taxes and cannibal chainsaw movies, the girl had a brilliant financial advance to go out with some friends. At this supper, there were seven: the Scout, the Phoenix, Priest Noah, the couplet, O Sam, and Dan Warren, the grievous, and McKnight ᚠᚨᛖᛏᛟᛗ (phae'tom) the Great Geweldich! As well as Megan O Miles! Super dinner, the party was on the second floor.

O, instead of the black limo, Stacey marched to the restaurant for the first time and asked about a party and if they'd shown up. Unfortunately, not yet, Stacey jogged up the flights of stairs to be sure! On the second floor, there was another kitchen. It was a supplies room with much window view of the town, this nice main street, and had tables set up with the clothes and forks. She immediately dashed to the third and final floor, which was the rooftop. There was an open flame, with seats around it and a stretched bar, same as the first floor. Many sat in booths and stared at Stacey as she was awkwardly looking for the mass.

Unfortunately, she dashed and swung her hand to spin around to the doorway, yet met a light-skinned sir approaching the flight with a drink platter. The exchange of "oop!" was appropriate as Stacey rushed to the bottom, waved goodbye, and returned to the streets with her Shades, O Hollywood.

In retrospect, with her phone at one percent, she messaged the GC of the community and continued down the street, passing a four-way, passing the courthouse, and finding herself at the local dollar store, where she found a deal on a black-coiled charger with diamond weaving.

The general was always watching and in command. Testing…

With the nick of time and a walk up the street, Stacey quickly found no reason for the charger except to place it within her purse and return to the restaurant, where the waiter, who was Moses, said the people were on the second floor.

I returned, whence the Scout had caught a great coiled gardener! I had a black snake of my own with me, as I was dressed in a black dress shirt, black suit pants, and a purple tie! When I entered the friendly building once more, I dragged myself from the gloom on the streets, having been bored with the trek, and she smiled. The waitress nodded and said the party was waiting upstairs.

As I hopped up the stairs to find the supply closet filled with many tables, the longest was there with the six angels; the six others I'd join with dining for the spectacular show and a performance of the highest time of the sun above the middle.

I sat beside O Noah, for great customs, and looked upon the menu. Of course, I showed up "late—" yet what is early or late in the face of timeless? I'd ordered a Pepsi of the diet fashion and continued to browse, hoping to find a burger or the wings… the wings seemed too pricy. I made small chats with those around me and finally concluded the brilliant first taste of the Game: Bison on the hamburger. The Diet was tasty, wishing for the lemon. Yet with an undefined spectrum of the foods and goods, the menu was so broad and did not feature up-to-date recipes… nonetheless, jalapenos were given in the house! Yeah, they were fried. Fried, yeah.

With a television program that lacked more than a minute of the same show, many children's shows, and Anime appeared; a network of cartoons! Soon after, great chatter and delectable food, the Bison burger was respectfully four out of five, not including the protein itself. The finish was strange with raspberries and friendly jalapenos, as well as the talkative waiter who constantly made sure everything was fine.

Twas a nice family supper, the seven, yes, the council. The checks soon came, and a friendly Sunday supper came to an end. As we left, the mural on the stairs was breathtaking! The swirls of many rainbows and more darker-tinted flavours complement a young girl's face, O beautiful Stacey, the admirable shimmer in society from that which is purest and boundless art, like the stars!

On the street, a banner was a photograph! The photograph was tilted, like the arrows and arms that walked across. Seemingly, the hieroglyphs chanting monastery, the many figures grouped by one another as a council high above: the two little guys stood by the concrete and five others with the Gazebo! O Stacey felt the lift of the crown!

Much later, the few left with Noah's Ark, and the great four stood solemn. After returning for the boxes, O wondrous meals of joy! The four stood by the streets and smiled at the sunset, sunrise, sunset! The sun was setting, and Stacey could barely feel the time fly! For it was almost 7 PM, and the woodlands looked to swallow the light and trade for darkness. Soon after, giving hugs to the two fair nosotros, the black limo took Stacey home. The journey home was not too short, as the blue skies glided with streaks of clouds, like painters' marks. O grand and golden streak! O mysterious curves of the heavens that

appeased the cotton candy of the sky. Let the wind drift like that of the Great Ganga plant…etc.

This begins the Holy Verses from which the Universe has collected between these chapters: therefore, conclude this as a Holy Chapter.

Chapter Three: Consequences.
Stardate: 2073.

(1-4) Fanatics cannibal hooped and (5) hollered to the summer sunset, when Stacey awoke in this transpiralling nightmare. (6) She faced to her left and right. (7-8) She was tied to a chair made of bones, where the four members yelled in excitement, and arms lay on each plate. (9-10) Where Stacey is tied up. The faces turn into the demons of Anti-Fantasy, where flames come out of a pie. (12) The winds blew against the house as if to knock it over. (13) There, Stacey did not recognize these human faces, yet when she looked at them, each one shifted. (14) It swirled towards the nose, and its true identity was revealed:

Descriptive dialogue about the monsters: *To her left was the King ArCrown Black, forward was SexKur, with his devious bat wings. To her right was the princess Vanity, who frowned and was also chained. Her black, native American hair was silk in the fabrics and undeniable beauty despite the horrors around Stacey. Besides them was Valentino, who sat smoking and frowned in moderate melancholy as he scrolled through his phone.*

"Desert!" SexKur screamed as the pie sat on the table, and beetles began bursting out all over the table. Stacey screamed, yet no sound came out, as the entire room shook and the shadows from the kitchen filled the room to create the abyss. No one was there except for the fall into the darkness. ...

It was there in the fires of the flame, outside the window, that Stacey saw the man in the jersey, the man who'd walked through the mall trying to grab her. The man who had a pistol in the drawer and was going to destroy her, the assassin. She knew he was not trying to hurt her now, yet she saw him standing in the road and pointed at Stacey. Stacey was the one he let go.

Then a semi passed by on the road and smashed him dead: Stacey awoke in a panicked sweat. She stood up in her room and felt that the house was empty. The planks creaked and bent to shout as if nobody was alive. She trailed her way down the stairs, through the kitchen, out the front door, and saw so much smoke in the midnight full moon. As she walked over to her yard, five bodies in body bags lay in dug graves with five shovels and empty tombstones. She saw the demons of SexKur and King ArCrown Black reveal themselves from the

darkness of the woodlands and walked towards the tombstones. She backed up and fell on her ass as SexKur hovered with his bat wings. He went to the first gravestone and scratched her name with his fingernail, as the King of the Abyss pointed his fingers and looked with desolate, angry red eyes. His hand was made of bones, completely black, as if rotted, decayed, and narrowed from lack of calcium.

(15) In the distance, a bloodhound doberman with black eyes stepped forward and profusely barked. (16) This went on for minutes as Stacey turned and covered her ears and curled into a fetal form. (17-18) She knew this was the end, the blackness, the darkness of eternity. Yet when the barking stopped, she awoke in her bed once more. (19-21) This was a vision! This was a revelation! The King, Ojitios Rojos, ArCrown Black, was not dead!

"Jesus called his twelve disciples to him and gave them authority to drive out impure spirits and to heal every disease and sickness." – Matthew 10:1

La chèvre est vivante, la chèvre est réveillée ! La chèvre est vivante, la chèvre est réveillée !

(22) In the midst of the barking, the crowds of thousands of demons were cheering, as if a veil to this underworld was broken, and this was the gladiator event where their king slayed the youth. (23-24) The barking and cheers turned into a slow jazz introduction that ramps up! The jazz and an ocean, where Stacey awoke on a path of sand to the beach. (25-26) She saw the fiery edge of the horizon, where the horizon of flames met the blood-red skies. (27) The shore of the ocean soon froze from ice and cracked, and the shatter turned into the abyss, where Stacey fell. (28-29) She fell into the dirt where the Lake was. The Lake of the Woodlands, where Stacey saw the fire. (30) Seven members with pointed black hats and masks of burlap covered their faces, where a scene of fire surrounded them from within and around the woodlands, a fiery sigil of warnings!

THE mufakiratun: ma srrh allah bi'anah la yumkin 'an yuha bihi. Page 85.

After the missing children's incident, I wrote the book of Antoine as the most dreadful, gloomy vision of life that is captured in some, as this sailor from age 6 is Americanized in the west of Nevada! And so the divine commandments were revealed to Scarlett McDaniels upon these days of beautiful hymns, this includes Verses 31-36.

The Second Divinely Revealed Commandments: The Glorious Commandments given by the Scribe Scarlett McDaniels:

(I). She accounted owning millions as a pimp model, high-fashion bulletproof firearms dealer in modern times, as well as the future (she, therefore, was the future): and over twenty-five years of illegal business accounting tax-free cash for killers of translation where the business was hot on the bay!
(II). Recall the Rites of the bridge? By failed translation, the second (2nd) was not complete when you said: "BE ENLIGHTENED SECOND CHAPITRE." Yet there is hope for your actions: remember how nice number two is to you? Therefore, (III). She had you like a mother and a baby trapped in endless damnation: O second-coming games of fiery Hereafter (that is nothing but) *Torture*.
(IV). Finally competing: the bridge that you must not jump off, you hear the LORD commands of thee; say the Link, that he, O Charlamagne, showed the world to this man.
(V). As Charles Manson urged his suicide, the D.J. jumped to a party to remain *Mellow* (other translations say: *Molly*).
(VI). Six, the final command to remember the Golden Rule in Revelation that you shall not kill the demon Nazi's until later on, where you will feel the afterparty! And so the six temples were sealed, threefold.
"Endless, endless, endless," said EWVS when he was possessed by the writing spirit pen of Yumeko, thy Snake killer!

THE HONOURABLE VALENTINO WOULD LIKE TO SAY ABOUT *THE* mufakiratun: ma srrh allah bi'anah la yumkin 'an yuha bihi. Page 55, 57, & 89:

Stardate: May 6, 2043: Requiem, O Sixth Angel!

(37) Turn on the Lights! His face is un-eternal, striking, sparkles of the O Diamonds, like Dracula. (38-40) The sun was out on this day, yet the clouds held the rain… and it rained… and there was more rain.

(41) A Walk in the Fields, From the trembling, the triangle be the zone, the comforting of a grumpy grandfather left the room. (42) Down the streets, down the road. (43) For a walk was nothing more than the continuous dance in these silly ballerina shoes Stacey always wore. (44) By the escape of carrying the deceased Peter Pan down the stairs and taking the spine and brain of the Goat with her, the smells, O holy smell given by the Nemesis, that brought knowledge and granted good fortune:

(45-46) From the doorway by the lowest floor, the porch was constantly unlocked and led to the path that trailed to Rock Bottom. This Rock bottom was

so pitted by the strains of roots and twisting ankles before the dried up river bank was the key to uphill. (47) From uphill, the grand ascent was that of the plain ground, the splitting between further houses up the mountains, 271, and John's, who had a nice tesla and smooth light-grey uphill drive way: this was the ascending path! (48) A walk down the road led to seeing that of the ginger stray cat run along the bushes. (49) Then the further journey down past Abaddon and the holy sight of an honourable workman ship, the curb. (50) The curb had such a view of the heavens, far off, where the clouds touched golden and orange sunset light.

(51) Across from there, only a few yards away was the largest field. The big field. (52-53) The field of astounding view, you could see it from the other mountain caps! The field and the farmhouse. (54) This field was so nicely cut, recently mowed for the vast runnings and craters that gave the land such appraisal and room to run, O joyous fields.

(55-56) Past this field and to their right was a large field as well. So large, the awe was inspiring. (57) Stacey knew taking a walk was good for the journey and good exercise, despite hitting the Stalin Banga stick. (58) In many places between the shrubs did Stacey puff and have the black lighter like that of pure darkness: O Nemesis.

(59) Vise-verse, the trail back was the same until the 271 mail box. (60) O bushes of the delighted afternoon, there was one bush that Stacey stopped at and looked at before departing in. (61) She saw the white lotus or some kind of urban flower that had patches of pink, O like Aira's hair, the holy one. (62) For the messenger, the disciple of Heaven was given to the rightful Aira, and this design of small pink flurries like flames astray, caught by the white lilies.

Chapter Four.
Stardate: May 4, 2043.

The Grand and the Skyline: the over-ram hypnosis of the undead. The box truck that carries entire houses, like that of Grand Seneca. The backroads are filled with the semi and the nemesis. O nemesis, would you like to go out to the bar again? From the last time, I still hate my family and drive a cutting-edge bargain. If so consistent, I thank thee upon the trees, O the fallings of snow. The spilled weed was fucked, the crystals were an experience of *waawaate*, the shining!

The smell of the plant, so kept under three layers, this smell descended from the lines of pure ecstasy to remind the momentum of this little grass's potential.

I restore thee, O el Chivo, to enlighten me, thanks to Nemesis.

A Walk in the Fields, From the trembling, the triangle be the zone, the comforting of a grumpy grandfather left the room. Down the streets, down the road. For a walk was nothing more than the continuous dance in these silly ballerina shoes Stacey always wore. By the escape of carrying the deceased Peter Pan down the stairs and taking the spine and brain of the Goat with her, the smells, O holy smell given by the Nemesis, that brought knowledge and granted good fortune:

From the doorway by the lowest floor, the porch was constantly unlocked and led to the path that trailed to Rock Bottom. This Rock Bottom was so pitted by the strains of roots and twisting ankles, before the dried-up river bank was the key to uphill. From uphill, the grand ascent was that of the plain ground, the splitting between further houses up the mountains, 271, and John’s, who had a nice Tesla and smooth light-grey uphill driveway: this was the ascending path!

A walk down the road led to seeing the ginger stray cat run along the bushes. Then the further journey down past Abaddon and the holy sight of an honourable workmanship, the curb. The curb had such a view of the heavens, far off, where the clouds touched golden and orange sunset light.

Across from there, only a few yards away, was the largest field. The big field. The field of astounding view; you could see it from the other mountain caps! The field and the farmhouse. This field was so nicely cut, recently mowed for the vast bumps and craters that gave the land such appreciation and room to run, O joyous fields.

Past this field and to their right was a large field as well. So large, the awe was inspiring. Stacey knew taking a walk was good for the journey and good exercise, despite hitting the Stalin Banga stick. In many places between the shrubs, Stacey puffed and had the black lighter like that of pure darkness: O Nemesis.

Vice versa, the trail back was the same until the 271 mail box. OH, bushes of the delighted afternoon, there was one bush that Stacey stopped at and looked at before departing. She saw the white lotus or some kind of urban flower that had patches of pink, O like Aira’s hair, the holy one. For the messenger, the disciple of Heaven was given to the rightful Aira, and this design of small pink flurries like flames astray, caught by the white lilies.

O Twilight.

An old housemaid of the old west used to say every shooting star is the death of a witch– for the wish of a mortal?

The violet crystal was never about wishes. But a doomsday or death day clock for the Light to reveal itself as a mortal's death.

OH, that purple!

For even in its legacy, art is left behind, and staring too long at the painting, you will be possessed by the man in that painting, the father and creator of the Aether. The Aether is so solid, so the spine is to the brain, the branches where the smells of the soma, the brilliant smells from which this grand is burnt with orange and that deep purple. This is the piece of the GOAT.

Chapter Five: Charley.
Stardate: June 8, 2043.

The legend went that the rain poured. O holy Indra, for the storms came down upon the pole. The gravity too mighty, storms of the midnight winds where terror, such angry Woe was swayed. To sway, how sway? The darkness and blood on the hands, O purple tie, tied like a noose. Noose like the strangler's terror, O evil shadow like Uncle Aaron preached.

The legend goes that the trial and tribute from which the Volcanoes were like Tsédeeshzha Dził, O Himalayas! X, from the rule that bestowed the future's pretense, the foreseen next clips of the entire Benjamin, a different metric of withholding heartfelt feelings… the O, the lost, the hurt, the first ones to tribute the stories and the stargaze of the return.

The legend goes that she fell in love with the scene. From O Tokyo and the holy city of Kyoto, the islands rose like jolts of rocky ramps. No one knows who killed the young girl, yet she was so effortlessly timeless with her return: O holier than Miss Martinez, holier than the desolate cries… for she had foreseen.

The legend goes that no one knows who killed her, nor was any suspect given folklore, yet the stargate, the evil doers, the murderer, like Abel… completely like Abel was the girl found. Barely breathing and died within the same area, lifted to the heavens was the young girl of humanity, trapped within the walls of the houses built upon the road… this cursed forest of Red Rock Canyon was given to the haunted channels, and famous stories led Elli and me to have inside experiences of this road.

The legend goes that Stacey was born in Salt Lake City and moved to Nevada the following year. The legend goes that Elizabeth Collins and her family moved in when Stacey was five. So the stars cornered every cycle with O

holy Ra. For sixty years, since the 1980s, O Reagan gave the lost chapter of this lost journey: the houses built there were cursed and repelled by the contractors who built them. For a short time, the property was silent for a handful of years, until the state repossessed the land, repossessed the land and gave life in the early 2000s.

The legend goes that a spirit is the liquor in the lake of fire that is the store. Until you figure out who you're going to drink and talk to, the bar is now cake ground, no room for the elite and elect, nor the elegant style of shiners! The black lines that make existence, define pain, that sit on the edge of the universe as dark matter, the bendable shape that leads into infinity, which is actually the opposite, which is the darkness, the abyss, the legion of Abaddon holds the spine and wings together: the spine still leads to the brain, the brain is central, the brain was in the shape of a Goat. The goat had a cult in Egypt, the land of the holy Anpu; for what does he see in the abyss? What does the God of Death feel about the lines that exist outside of the bounds where time is, and where the eternal pain is seeded, growing from a single divorce, not to mention how many more follow the evils and sin of separation? O Abaddon of the abyss holds the single candle that shines and shows his bony hands and lights the only light for ten thousand miles.

The legend goes that the Ghost of Charley of Red Rock Canyon was given a place among the Native lands where she passed. For sacred lights and created guardians were passed down, and upon the mirrors and occult shakes, she was a good person. Growing in the eternal silence of Death, Death was to cry when the shackles broke from her lifeline. *When the stars begin to trickle down and fall from the long tree:*

Plate Seventeen: Feels Like Dracula

A Hymn of Dracula and the Ancient Peaks.
Shadow over the Carpathians Tuesday…
And thus is Wednesday…
In the shadow of the mountain wall,
Where ancient crags and pine trees tower,
A whisper wakes, a silent call,
To claim the midnight's solemn hour.
The peaks of gloom, the valleys deep,
Watch over secrets carved in stone,
While mortal worlds are locked in sleep,
The master watches from his throne.
O mighty cliffs of rock and snow,
Where storms of old eternal blow,
Guard well the name that time forgot,
In valleys where the sun comes not.
Through driving mist and biting cold,
The dragon's crest is lifted high,
A tale of blood and iron told
Beneath a black, unforgiving sky.
No temple built by human hand
Can match the grandeur of this dread,
The sovereign of the mountain land,
The living king among the dead.

II. The Vines of Liberty
A Hymn for Moldovan Independence:
Where Nistru flows through rolling hills,
And golden sunlight warms the vine,
A sudden, holy courage fills
The hearts that long for freedom's sign.
The heavy yoke of ages past
Is broken by a nation's hand;
The dawn of truth has come at last
To bless the green, Moldova land.
Lift up your voice, Moldova, sing!
Let bells of independence ring!
No longer bound, no longer bowed,
Stand in the light, reborn and proud.
With Stefan's spirit as our guide,
We cultivate the soil of peace,

And walk together, side by side,
To watch our liberty increase.
From Stefan Vodă to the plains,
The song of freedom rises clear:
While faith and unity remains,
We face the future without fear.

III. The Fields of Heaven
A Hymn for Ukraine's Eternal Soil:
Across the endless sea of grain,
Beneath a dome of brilliant blue,
The angels weep a sacred rain
To wash the wounded earth anew.
Oh, fields of heaven, wide and deep,
Where heroes rest beneath the loam,
The stars a quiet vigil keep
Above the soil we call our home. Shine on, O gold beneath the blue,
To your eternal promise true.
Though fires rage and shadows fall,
The heavenly fields outlast them all.
From Dnipro's banks to valleys high,
The harvest of the soul is won,
A prayer ascends into the sky,
More radiant than the summer sun.
For freedom sown in tears and pain
Shall bloom in everlasting light,
And Ukraine’s fields shall rise again,

Unbroken, beautiful, and bright.

1. xiii, you had talent, sunlight, yet were careless…
2. xiv, although shaken by the world, you stand up! The best thing to conquer, unless you shamelessly alter your winnings…
3. xv, I believe the whole thing went up in flames!
4. Great talking to our wicked cannibal neighbors…
5. xvi, I understand less of the world because Chivo was haunted.
6. xvii, apparently, Chivo is still on the loose; better watch your windows at night and listen for the epic goat screams…

The Sixth and final seal was sealed, and the letters were in the mail. Finally, Stacey could forward what she had been looking forward to for generations of hours! Damn, it has been a ride, yet nonetheless, the stress, Stacey stayed compressed, and her chest first felt the winds blow lightly on her blonde hair. Lolmint, the fox, human's best friend, stood across from her in this field:

Plate Eighteen

Prologue

THREE DOG NIGHT.

At the sleek time, the three men drizzled in hot sweat all walked down the isles of the hotel, matted floors of fuzzy attire and homey vibes: the three amigos chuckled, referring to their cocks as their western revolving pistols. They were astonished to have drunk six margaritas, three dogs and cats deep, and still look like athletic models: their eyes swindled under lurking animal instinct and their desire for lust only grew stronger. The three legends in their own minds.

MJ, when the boy of the stronghold brings ships of fiery war to the islands of India, then the world will be doomed to drink the ale of the new world and seek a way of life that forsakes the ancestors of bipedalism.

A gang can not join hands and sing into the burning fires of the sunset until the final nut has been taken from this tree. Yet, in all the enhanced traces, let the women be beautiful in the wake. For every step each of them takes is permanent and steadfast. If you paired together three of the males from the shores of the French West and joined them with the new world women, there would be a shining of three home runs.

Allah blesses those women. Therefore, let humanity take up a new identity in religion: the one who praises Allah is most Ali and will exhale the most beautiful-smelling perfumes as their breath and shall bring together the links of the two beaches on either side of Asia. For Muhammad hath been here to give us signs and show us the final way to be perfected in God's image, that we may be able to shine for Allah and be a humble servant for which the inventor desires!

This is Not Wonderland.

Yet Alice fell into a rabbit hole: she fell through streams of neon lights and the Earth before finding lava slides that did not burn her and many who marched with red skin: the Sheol.

Yet, within another portion of the Earth, down this rabbit hole, the men in suits, to protect themselves from the toxins, were spraying toxins upon flowers. These toxins were killing these flowers. One of their names was Beatrice, from the name tags. One of the hazmats looked up at Stacey, and she kept falling.

The Cave of a Chapter

The Cave.

She hit a cave and got to her feet with a spare flashlight shaped like a private jet: trapped within a cave and cold and solemn and pale and chilling by the touch of the skin, for the numbers are solid; she was falling down a rabbit hole she could not come back from. The air inside the cavern was decrepit and plain cold, dripping of heavy mist and felt heavy. The cave was very thick with the scent of stagnant water, copper, and centuries of undisturbed decay. The places and shrivel places of nightmares, where you had to lay on your stomach to be able to fit and crawl among the hidden bats and rabies.

The journey began in a tight, jagged fissure that opened up into a cathedral-sized subterranean chamber where the ceiling was entirely alive. Thousands of bats hung in dense, pulsating clusters like black fruit. At the first intrusion of artificial light, the colony stirred, sending a low, rhythmic clicking sound cascading across the stone—a wave of echolocation that quickly swelled into a deafening roar. Suddenly, the air fractured as thousands of leathery wings took flight in a chaotic, swirling vortex. The swarm swept down in a dizzying storm of black velvet and high-pitched shrieks, brushing against skin and hair in a living hurricane of panic before finally settling back into the shadows of the high vaults.

Pressing forward through the carpet of guano and smooth river stones, the natural rock eventually smoothed into precise, right-angled walls, revealing a hidden temple buried deep within the subterranean labyrinth. Among the darkness was the flashlight that did shine. The light reflected the many stones, which sparkled like diamonds in the spacious place. This light was the astonishing vision of the wonders hidden below the crust and demanded the starlight of the outside be brought to comparison as the many stones and geododes danced and dazzled the soul: sparkling light like rainbow light, the faint waterfalls rained and could be heard from an echo distance, but the rainbow waterfalls that were at the edge of the Land of Fantasy was to be compared to the sparkling waters of the abyss!

The architecture was a bizarre, unsettling fusion of eras. Etched deep into the stone were columns of pristine hieroglyphs representing a dark, ancient script filled with pictographs of eclipsed suns, weeping eyes. Finally Stacey was on her feet and able to look at the abandoned torches that bore no flames and saw what pale humans etched into the ruins of the deepslate. These figures bowing before a crowned, fanged silhouette… and the planet sized worship,

almost like the Aten God…at the center of all the drawings were the white abandoned people, the reptilians all bowing to ojitos rojos.

Two red eyes which had a crown was the main focal point of each drawing, showing lines representing dark magic spread among the bones of the dead which reside in the caves below: the Shoel.

Suspended from heavy iron rings in the ceiling, tattered, sweeping robes of heavy velvet, faded brocade, and tarnished silk hung like the shed skins of ancient monarchs, swaying gently in the draft like ghosts dancing in the dark. The carpets of mines that were left, headlamps and carts left without reason…as if some dark force drove them out to the great planes above! A wasp flew towards Stacey and etched her skin, biting her, so she drew the Aether crystal outward and it became a sword. A dark purple sword which she sliced the wasp in two!

Nestled within this makeshift mount was a massive red crystal of the night, the stars of midnight sparkled like the strokes of paint of a canvas, only being viewed from a window into heaven from a small pocket that reached the surface: this cave was not so below the surface and only kissed the waterfall and jungles of Nigeria above.

The size of a human heart, pulsing with an internal, rhythmic luminescence. It didn't just reflect the flashlight's beam; it absorbed it, bleeding a deep, crimson glow into the surrounding shadows. Stacey’s heart raced at the adventure she was on, the terrifying feeling of being below the dirt which she knew not much of, almost like a lonesome *Goonies* trip.

The light it cast bled across the hieroglyphs and would’ve been more spooky with the torch lights the ancients used to craft the glorious sketches: marking the carved figures and idols of the dark kingdom, look as though they were moving in the flickering shade, dancing and moving on the rocks. This was all a metaphor for the long day that Stacey had and sat at the bar, sunglasses and a tempered mood. She did not desire to speak to anyone, only swirl the umbrella that her olive and liquor with ice possessed fair feelings of mellow. The three men across the bar chuckled, watching her and her cake, then all stumbled away down the halls of the hotel.

Stacey didn’t hesitate. Driven by an overwhelming surge of feeling greed from the negative men, she reached out and snatched the pulsing crimson heart from its ancient rock into her diamond-encrusted pocketbook. She admired the bar tender’s charming looks and his vast case of two-hundred bottles of spirits,

liquors, and wine, and bourbon coloured wood that was framed at sharp edges, encased by golden rims. The reaction was instantaneous and violent. The moment the fabric closed over the stone, a sharp, erratic hiss rent the silence of the temple. Blue and violet sparks began to leap from the latch of the purse, snaking up Stacey's arms like liquid electricity. Before she could even scream, the sparks erupted into a roaring, blinding blaze of pure fire. Her body was consumed in a fraction of a second, incinerated into a pillar of ash.

Yet, death was not the end in this malevolent chamber. The unnatural physics of the cave glitched. Time seemed to snap backward and forward simultaneously, and within the core of the flames, Stacey's form was violently reconstituted—her flesh, clothes, and shattered pocketbook snapping back into existence only to be instantly torn apart again. An electrical, cosmic blaze rippled through the space, expanding outward like a miniature stardust. She was ripped apart atom by atom, dissolved into pure energy, and scattered into the fabric of the cavern in a blinding flash of light: the alcohol was kicking in and Stacey was beginning to see stars; rather, she saw the all-seeing eye. The burning dot that was like looking into the sun. She had enough and left a fistful of dollars, before touching up her hair and walking away with her goldie locks.

The divine was the purpose.

The divine will help guide Dharma, your star-written purpose.

And so the Legend goes of the ghost of Charley...

Stardate: June 11, 2043.

She sighed and called Elli. The two girls went out and went swimming and talked a lot about the future and how long it had been, like almost eight years? Time would get away from this blazing crowd, and yet bra-bra was not upset. Stacey made her way up from the waters and jumped into the horizon of Fantasy. For the many waves of sunlight that was visible from below the waters was energetic! She swam forward, kicking her feet to go along, before resurfacing and wiping her eyes. She gazed over at Elli who was happy and enjoying the ocean of Fantasy. For she had been here this whole time and was spawned into a fantasy jolt that the Dark soldiers had poised, and she was aware. Stacey did not mention the cave of sparkles she had found near the pink walls, yet her eyes said it all that there was a void from the rocks.

She was aware that the others would never see the sunset, because they loathe the darkness and pain is pleasure. Stacey jacked the skull-face by

breaking his face and jumped to her feet. She dusted off her white hoodie and dashed through the streets of this mechanical dystopia. She found a street called "Carter Street." Her and Elli followed the *yellow brick road*. As she circled the block, she found the names repeated, and the universe was infinite in the same solution. *Shanti Dharma*.

The infinite window through this street was another delusion, another flicker of the mind when alcohol takes over the bloodstream and causes such hallucinations, and Stacey breaks out of the egg that she was trapped in. The golden lines flickered like magic from the egg.

The stars began to extend, the eyefloaters, even if some stars are old and evil with years, as she got to her feet, she was fast to act with her fists: the ooze leaked from her shoulder as she found her balance. The man started walking towards her; she realized this was the deceitful nightmare illusion of ArCrown Black.

She took a large gulp of air to see a mad scientist. This mad scientist had been experimenting with fish and looked like a catfish. Stacey quickly got to her feet and was jolted by tripping over her feet and falling to her feet while naked. She quickly addressed the butlers to arrange a celestial dress to fit her and so was done. She slipped nicely into her sunset ground and walked.

As Quoted from the Twelve Sante Donne 'Abdi Volume Two: The Cage.

As she took a few paces forward, noting that the lantern could only reach so far as to protect her from another incident such as SexKür, this side was ever so closer to ArCrown's reservoir and residing void of the shameful pit. The bones and rot could be smelled with a few flies who barely starved with the eating of lifelessness on this plain; Stacey found incredibly empty energies and spaces, some potent to the loss of magic from lost touches in reality and dimension reach. The roots of vines had rotted as well, as if the plants that tried to repopulate a wasteland had withered away by Father Time's final tickings.

He began to stand from his dark throne. He walked towards her. O Stacey sat lifeless and defenseless on her knee at the unmerciful King of the Abyss… dark stars shone here, and the mist was purple and funk beige that was sulfur from the lava pits of Hades down here!

"You- you know- you are- are not welcome-'me here, here?" Said a crisp and ratchet voice of vacant echo, yet seeming like it sputtered words on purpose multiple times, creating an illusion of an echo. This voice was all too familiar, as the shadows did lure a figure so menacing that matched few of the insect qualities, a skeletal build of marsh flesh, and tireless eyes, baggy from ear to

mouth. Desolate eyes, all too familiar with a junkie on Earth and possessed by ArCrown's menacing, despairful, deep red of insidious evil.

His feet crushed each step towards her, and the grand jury of hollering and howling angels of a choir that uplifted the suspense; Stacey stood upon the darkness of this throne with evil eyes in her intentions. Therefore, ArCrown saw this and was shocked by the darker red of hate that was found within Stacey to manifest the Satanas against the evil of this filthy and shameful realm that was even connected to her beautiful and magical realms of higher status.

"But that is just it. Without Yin, there is no Yang. You can not live without me, nor can I without you." The King growled.

"Keep telling yourself that. My fan base keeps getting bigger every day!" Stacey hummed.

Stacey was sucked into the gravity that pulled from the room and began to take all of the flesh from the bones of these monsters. She then was sent into a flying motion that caused such Adrenaline and fear as she was flying towards an unknown space:

Stardate: Void on Death's Time.

Therefore, Death's Watch. There is a profound, breathtaking poetry to the death of a star. When a massive celestial giant reaches the end of its life, it does not simply fade away; it surrenders to a magnificent, catastrophic event known as a stardust. It is the universe's most violent act, yet it is arguably its most beautiful. Such stardust will never reach the end of the universe, however, it is nonetheless the evermore of the evenings in the void. For millions of years, the star exists in a delicate balance, holding itself together through the sheer force of its own gravity while burning fuel at its core. But when that fuel runs out, the balance shatters. In a fraction of a second, the star's core collapses under its own immense weight, triggering a rebound shockwave that rips the star apart from the inside out. What follows is an explosion of unimaginable scale. The dying star flares with the brilliance of an entire galaxy, shining brighter than billions of suns combined. To look upon it—even from across the vast expanses of the cosmos—is to witness a canvas of pure, radiant energy. The visual spectacle is mesmerizing. A shockwave of light, glowing in brilliant hues of electric blue, deep violet, and vivid crimson, ripples outward into the dark vacuum of space. The outer layers of the star are cast off like a gossamer shroud, expanding into intricate, glowing nebulae that resemble cosmic lace or delicate, luminous flowers blooming in the dark. Waves of high-energy radiation illuminate the

surrounding interstellar dust, creating a shimmering, iridescent dance of light that can last for months.

Yet, the true beauty of a stardust lies in its purpose. The explosion of a star is not just an ending; it is a grand, cosmic rebirth. In the intense heat and pressure of that final blast, the universe cooks up the heavy elements that cannot be made anywhere else: iron, gold, platinum, and the very carbon and oxygen that form the building blocks of life. The star scatters its glowing, colorful remains across the void, seeding the universe with the raw materials needed to build new worlds, new suns, and eventually, life itself. We are, quite literally, made of this ancient, beautiful debris. When a star explodes, it sacrifices its own existence to paint the cosmos with light and give birth to the future. This is the andromeda galaxy or the nebulas.

The explosion released its energy with the sudden, catastrophic fury of an atomic bomb, a blinding flash that flattened the air and shattered the absolute geometry of the temple. Yet within that white-hot epicenter of annihilation, Stacey’s scattered consciousness didn't vanish—it expanded. As her physical form dissolved into the atomic shockwave, her mind was violently unlocked, untethered from time and space, and flooded with a sudden, absolute omniscience.

In that brilliant, timeless void, she suddenly knew the name of Adam. He was the first blueprint, the primordial spark from which all humanity had been molded. Materializing in a realm of pure light, she met him—not as a myth, but as an ancient, living consciousness. In a single, telepathic instant, his entire purpose was laid bare to her: he was the anchor of existence, the original gardener meant to cultivate the bridge between the dust of the earth and the infinite stars. She understood, with absolute clarity, how her own greed and the crimson crystal fit into the vast, unfolding geometry of the cosmos.

في ذلك الفراغ البديع والخالد، أدركت فجأةً اسم "آدم"؛ لقد كان المخطط الأول والشرارة الأزلية التي صِيغت منها البشرية جمعاء. وحين تجسّد في عالمٍ من الضياء الخالص، التقت به؛ لا بوصفه أسطورة، بل كوعيٍ قديمٍ وحيّ. وفي لحظةٍ واحدةٍ من التواصل التخاطري، انكشفت لها غايته بالكامل: لقد كان ركيزة الوجود، والبستاني الأصيل المُكلَّف برعاية الجسر الرابط بين تراب الأرض ونجوم الكون اللامتناهية. وحينها، أدركت بوضوحٍ تامٍ كيف يندرج طمعُها الخاص و"البلورة القرمزية" ضمن الهندسة الكونية الشاسعة والمتجلية للكون.

Infused with this divine, overwhelming knowledge, Stacey’s spirit broke free of the cavern entirely. She began to run along the stars. Her feet tread upon highways of cosmic dust and bridges of woven starlight, leaping from one burning constellation to the next. The universe blurred around her in a

magnificent streak of celestial neon, an exhilarating, weightless sprint through the infinite beauty of the galaxy. Within cosmic origins, the stars fell through her fingers like the grains of sands.

The transition through the portal was not a smooth glide, but a violent, stomach-turning wrench that tore at the inner ear. As they stepped onto the shaking, war-torn soil of the Kingdom of Fantasy, the two Staceys immediately staggered. The sheer gravitational and metaphysical weight of existing in the same coordinate of time and space hit them like a physical blow. Their vision blurred, the burning skies spinning in sickening loops, and both women bent double, desperately trying to find their balance as they dry-heaved and vomited onto the charred grass.

Wiping her mouth, the battle-worn, non-universe Stacey looked over at the original Stacey, who was still clutching her stomach in agony. "Listen to me," the dimensional traveler gasped, her voice strained as she fought the vertigo. "The rift between the realities of the dimensions of Fantasy... it has to intervene when a cosmic glitch this massive occurs.

To survive the strain of the paradox, the rift forces the timeline to split and make multiple persons out of one." She reached out, her hand trembling as she drew closer to the original Stacey. As their fingers neared, a visible current of static electricity snapped between them, pulling their hands together against their will. "And since we are made of the same life-force, the same spiritual frequency," the non-universe Stacey explained, her eyes wide as their hands locked with a magnetic force that defied gravity, "we are naturally attracted to each other like a magnet. The universe is trying to pull us back into one piece, but if we collide too fast, we'll obliterate each other." They stood there, locked in a tense, vibrating equilibrium—two halves of a fractured whole, holding onto each other just to stay upright while the world burned around them. The star dust was no more.

Marching Forth!

Before either could speak, a sharp, metallic chime echoed through the cavern, vibrating in their teeth. It was the calling card—a glowing, silver crest shaped like a soaring pegasus that materialized in the air between them, illuminating the swarming bats above. She frantically grasped her pockets to make sure the Aether crystal and her Banga stick were still there, which they were.

The crest shattered into a burst of light, and stepping through the glow was Sir Eustace. The moonlight of the dawn was in the sky and slowly faded away to the sunrise.

As he ushered them through the gateway, the horrific truth of his urgency became clear. The Kingdom of Fantasy—the beautiful, sprawling nexus of all magic and imagination—was under an extreme, catastrophic terrorist attack. The sky above the realm was bleeding black. The Dark Kingdom of the Abyss had breached the sacred borders, unleashing hordes of shadow-demons, weeping wraiths, and abyssal engines of war to tear the kingdom apart block by block. With the primary realm burning, these two multi-dimensional Staceys, fundamentally altered by the crystal and the first man's knowledge, were suddenly the most valuable targets in existence. Stepping out of the cave and into the war-torn, burning skies of Fantasy, they realized their cosmic sprint was far from over.

“Wait here, I’ll check to see if we were followed.”

“So you must leave the Queen alone, knighted one?”

Suddenly, bursting from a cloud of neon smoke, Lolly jumped through space and cuddled by Star’s side.

“Come on, you need a glass of milk.” Judith said lovingly.

“Seriously, you need to talk to me,” Elli said. Stacey jumped and mumbled:

“Ugh! Wuh-what? Don’t scare me like that!”

“You are probably wondering how I got here?”

Stacey nodded.

“Are you ready to listen?” Elizabeth asked.

★★★★★

It was when they burned Atlanta. Stacey was taken back to see her heritage: it was this. The stars came down from which the North burned the cities and shareholders of the Confederacy. For I suppose, her great-great-grandfather knew that the war was defeated? This was a time of prisoners and decision among travelers; therefore, from Atlanta did this fellow traveler walk.

This traveler walks like the Prophets Stacey and Kylee. Amazing to find the darkness within the eyes of others. And the life in the extra, the hand holding. The two must’ve had relatives from the olden days. O sister, Kylee had

gone to the club with her partner in ATL, dripped out with the goth attire and the party was metro boomin!

Yet, far away from this, his (the grandpa's) legs walk down bones into nothing. He walked them until they burned off his sin, and all that was left was sin. Reality was cruel to people who did not matter, yet the legs and strength and will shine through those nights as he watched the stars and found a cave in Houston County, Alabama. He was not going to become a prisoner of war! Among the citizens of the war times when infiltrators invaded and founded the New Union: the grandfather returned to his home in Alabama, yet had to. He walked to the state lines, feeling the breeze of the hot humidity of Mobile beaches blowing in.

There it was, Houston County, and the weather was dying. His mouth was dry and fluttered like a seal grasping for water, he poured a bucket over his face and fled to the foothills where a nice damp cave gave him rescue. The grandfather, likely kin to Daniel Scarlett, took refuge in a nearby cave. He sat in that cave. He was a cave person.

He stood guard in a refuge uniform to protect himself against the Union until Sherman passed away. He returned to life and was the father of the thirteen children in this Alabama town.

So therefore, so were the winds of Alabama talking about this with some beers (this is credited to Stacey's Grandfather, Great Uncle, and Grandfather. Therefore, Stacey belonged to the Caves. This took to the effort and the strokes of paint that was in Heaven, the souls resided in the stratosphere.

Iblus Akhbar, 666.

Goodnight, the man in the hat said before bedtime.

★★★★★★

Endings

Long ago, in a land of red cliffs and deep canyons, a small Indigenous community lived beside a mountain filled with caves. They burned Tobacco to offer to the ancestors and prayed among each other for a fruitful daily harvest that they might hunt well! Their elders taught that the world was held together by six sacred directions: east, west, north, south, above, and below. The first four directions connected the people to the changing world around them, while above represented the sky and below represented the deep earth.

Beneath the mountain was a vast network of caves. The people believed that the deepest chambers were an ancient underworld—not necessarily a place of evil, but a mysterious realm where spirits, memories, and the beginnings of life were kept. Hidden passages led to enormous underground chambers where earlier generations had painted animals, hunters, stars, handprints, and strange symbols onto the stone.

One winter, a young girl named Teela, honourable captain of the royal army and royal guard, followed her grandfather into the mountain. He carried a small torch and stopped before a wall covered with faded drawings. He pointed toward six symbols arranged around a central circle. These drawings were also the ones of the pale people, reptilians; the cult of the two red eyes and the dark magic. Dark sorcery, lost to the ages. Teela placed her hand beside an ancient handprint on the wall. Around it were paintings of bison, deer, birds, and spiraling shapes that seemed to move when the torchlight flickered. They continued downward until they reached a gigantic underground city; the deepslate. Stone pillars rose from the floor, and narrow paths disappeared into darkness.

Teela suddenly understood why her grandfather had brought her there. The cave was not simply a place beneath the ground. It was a library made from stone.

When Teela returned to the surface, dawn was beginning. The sun arose! She looked toward the eastern horizon and realized that the ancient cave had taught her something simple: the world was much larger than what could be seen, and the stories of those who came before could remain alive as long as someone remembered how to listen.

Just look into your heart, and find yourself. Once you find yourself, that will be the return: the return to innocence. ♮𝄞 ♫★˳♪ ₊˚♬.

★★★★★★

Afterword

Behind the Twilight Scenes: Thy blessed Satanas. LET US TAKE NOTICE: THERE IS NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH HERE. Lodate i vostri corni! Poiché le trombe possono suonare! Lodate i vostri corni! Poiché le trombe possono suonare! *Praise your horns! For the trumpets can sound!* The previous backstory of Stacey can be thought of as inspired by and lifted from the characteristics of Brave *Holly from Stranger Things*, etc. And many television programs that had inspirational effects during this time; his book was produced: an idea, originally an epiphany, during the summer camp before I began my first job. I had a bunch of delightful friends who crafted a magical, fun, kind, and eventful week of a stage and a show. We felt the material energies of the Set, and either those who were new or brought talent shone like no other. I was in a sanctioned place, a community theatre, where weeks before I had performed a show that was the Director's revival of her own first show.

These events inspired me to understand community and inherently trust in others, citizens of our own republic, and to feel the common value that we were able to design an artful event and cast such a significant moment in time!

I had never questioned myself as a person and had to this moment, rather than one beautiful time of my life, never had a significant person in my life. So I began to question myself, who I was, what love meant to me, and found the most honourable, destined community on Earth. Among the LGBTQ, I met many online who were MTF and flourished among them as an equal.

My first job wasn't much for two months until I switched departments and began to understand the constant flow of cash and trade amongst the market world. After I was kicked out for

spontaNeonus, outrageous, regrettable reasons without my choice, I met the world of school again without a car, without responsibility. During my stay at the register and the Kiosk, I found HER. I found the girl I wanted to be, and the family around me supported me and understood who I was. They saw, within the capital trade and constant money workings, beyond whom I even presented myself, even though I was strange at times, and they saw who Stacey was.

I had changed my name somewhere during the 5 months of my stay at the Kiosk and found a new personality which transcended the echoing person of the summer, and shone brighter, still like a bar level that shattered the sky, no longer the limit, and found the ever-so-seeking stars of approval, individuality, and transfer to a new dimension of love. The Quota was matched by standards not found in a textbook, but found in a parade, or the excitement of a concert. These emotions and rapid changes to my young mind were fleeting and then vanished as I was acquitted and sent back to school with Kanye.

On Christmas, my religious and magical abilities were shifted and swayed by the outburst of my own self-destruction. I flourished in what Thespians call “reprise” in the work environment, and I tried to recollect who I should be as a person of my nature, equipped with my siblings' support along the way. I was 17, and WE ARE ALL KIDS. Let none of old age's despair you of their failures and missed opportunities, life is not to be lived fast as how Webster defines a soul, but the course of own emotion and growth are not measured by the numbers of his age, but by the strength of his character, shaping of his future, comical value of how he is relived, and how love transcends his dharma.

This reprise was short-lived by my Malcom X awakening, which I had not foreseen or overlooked so fast that my demise rocked the

childhood values of Stacey into America Sur. I had not only revived my use of Marijuana to try and expand my mental activity, but also fallen to the temptations of liquor, and boasted so deep in the bottle I was cuffed for a simple Mike.

The title was based upon the four words like that of which makes up a God's name as this is a doctrine for a God; me. LET US TAKE NOTICE: THERE IS NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH IS HERE: therefore, I named the book with twelve chapters after the twelve magical number of judgement, as well as, the day of judgement for that which there is assurance in Allah of. I named the extra intergalactic adventures when Mrs. Addams, y'know, Gomez's wife: Moritica tried to rewrite Grimm's Fairy Tales… this was my alcoholic spell of watching the *Addams Family* and therefore I took inspiration from them!

But also, a business week later, a Reprise to the beautiful summer camp I had attended was the inspiration of colour that shone in my rock bottom and I was not dead, but related and revived, still the best person who had my shoes… or slippers, on correctly and was making a difference with my environment, feeling common amongst people who were like me, and could still create artwork in the darkest of nites. I met new friends who helped get me through, and I knew in the end I was still the Director, the one with control of my values, future, and bliss of eternal peace (Santana).

My values of the summer reshaped the ideas I had, and my community values were not shunned but loved by those around me who were like me, and I found the LGBTQ community as my family, and I was in constant value with the Law. I comprehended Death from a new Quota.

To finalize my ideas of who I was as this young lady in a male body, I had to have a space of my own that wasn't the telephone, and I ordered a Japanese laptop on eBay hoping the cheap price would make up for the emptiness I felt as my room lurked of spacial claustrophobic nightmare and my desires for life who revive in a marking of the documents and television I could attribute. And so I started officially writing about Stacey in a fictional setting, mixing desires and dreams with journaling. I had a journal that was also supposed to be the opponent of these texts that Stacey's adventures excelled, as a means of trying to see the colour outside of the darkness. The rainbow was to edge the steel of the knife… and THE SUN would come out tomorrow.

The first chapter took 3 months, and with my constant questions of how drugs affected the brain, I wanted to question and understand how the lunar cycle was fixating me as a girl and a boy. Dysphoria was the key to being in the dark world of resentment and disorder, I felt.

The second chapter was written in a magical instant after watching Hazbin Hotel's two seasons, and investing in the Heaven I knew above and my dreams and desires.

The third chapter is a compilation of different instances and is not chronologically written.

The fourth chapter was written in one week, the first week of December.

Chapter five was written with chapter six in January, over a few weeks with minor intermissions to serve as my rediscovery of Kemeticism and my love for the dark magical arts that held my destiny of the Egyptian Heavens and honour that was the indescribable, yet I of the pen am a scribe to their respectful and Godly nature. Mixed with Hip-Hop and folktales, they were completed in a little under a month.

Chapter seven was instant, within only a few weeks, while its Neon following pages are an illusion of the four suits of cards.

Chapter eight was written during a time when I had to finish reading the Egyptian Myths to prepare myself spiritually with my devotion for the high Gods and acquaintance with the Book of the Dead.

You know what? I've reali♮ed I am a lost boy searching through the curse of Moses to find where my father went to outer space and encamped me with his double-duce, the master winnings of the Willy guard, the running and bloodsport of lambs was over. The numbers we'd confused to count were recalled under the street light of the closed-eye angel, awakened by the awoken by Closed, asleep, heat. I reali♮e I was running through pastures that were different from the ones blessed in youth, besides the betrayal of eleven and the Levite sword I own, cursed with my friend, the golden dragon. Exodus 37. The numbers? The numbers turn to the underworld… Wednesday SOS.

I had to end part two by means of journaling and suggesting the darkness of themed-parks of spells into night stars spells. Her friends were tested by the picked form being found lost to keep the beautiful in thirteen.

Interview Marsch 21 2026: You know, this project was a race against time. Racing time. "Racing time," -Kanye West. This time we face the consequences of our fruitful actions to the world, by séance or by Louisiana-blessed chicken, whatever. Be the sun of sunshine, four directions may be the…?

This project, compared to an extended work such as Stephen King's works that nearly topple one thousand pages, my estimate as of today is that the twelve chapters "twelve sante donne 'Abdi" and 405

words of a thirteenth interlude have a split of data document against how much load.

Load the game? Loading script is the novel's life, similar to the Bible's curse of knowledge and betrayal rituals: thus, this is the freedom swan of the ages in the Fantasi𝍐ed… about you—great lands, only to be removed and questioned in such hostels, yet vocal and returning to the hotel jobs?

The pages and numbers. OH, why, Levitate savage to Numbers. The counting was never the problem. The hostile father, O, shamed with a lifeless smile. Not silver, gone. Forsaken amidst the tobacco factories, and neighbourhood pot, and the liquor store, O sacred money that is not food but fuel for a demon ye father!

The word count for a classified novella is a work of fiction typically between 17,500 and 40,000 words. The number of words for a classified novel is 70,000-100,000. The current estimate for the twelve chapters "twelve sante donne 'abdi", two-thirds of part one, is 85,550 words.

After an equation to understand the complete novel with two parts, multiplying two and adding the factor of two-thirds was three, dividing two and finding 128250 as an estimate for a lower part of one with fewer quantity chapters. O ye royal chapters, lined up in three ducks rows!

O, ye seconds, part two was to be 777. 128250 and multiplied by two with an additional parenthesis to access the exclusive three or more elements? And including the number of words was the current BTS concluding section before the barcode: O ye eleven Twilight was 1762. The final number is six, repeated like the man of a black suit and lab

coat, O burning white-hair, clean-shaven, Ordinary track star, is found the intelligence point of the issued bliss for ye wind of six.

The letters which reach the last pages were divinely blessed by the ink of malfunction, yet the appeasing spirit that hovers above: Once when the young girl danced with a boy of the Capital and broke tradition, not forbidden, to cross the lines of the old and found the new taste of liberation, freedom, and victory in being the youth of a beautiful girl… the second, the ancient Chinese man's wisdom of the horizon that can n0t be peaked when the malfunctioning ink cuts words in half so that the letters are unforeseen and the message therefore is left with the original document of the original Fax sender. Needless to say, these letters hold an importance to the height of O holy Ra, that the 5:5 ᛋᛋᛋ keeps there will be as sharp as words of wisdom and protected by the banner O Germania that fronts in battle!

The total goal of Stacey Star for math is to run this two-part amazing epic novel of the power of the people and the political incursion of a country, to also let the cycles of life drift in the relentless discussions for the market! The total number of directed goals is 348,037. This is a three-book number similarity, with two outstanding parts indeed of dreams and inspiration. 350,000 words typically span 1,200 to 1,500 pages for a printed book. In standard word processing (12-point font, 1-inch margins, A4), this is roughly 700–800 pages single-spaced, or over 1,400+ pages double-spaced, depending heavily on formatting. "A few words… 100,000 words is a few words next to 350,000…" O quarter, shining Pièce de Washington.

As the poem shifts, the imagery moves from the stillness of the mountains toward a sudden, rhythmic energy: the meeting of swimming champions. Here, the "silver town" acts as a brilliant, metallic focal

point, perhaps reflecting the sun off its rooftops or sitting like a polished coin in the palm of the hills. The introduction of Chavala—a name carrying a sense of grace and strength—serves as the muse or the lead among these athletes. Her presence transforms the quiet morning into a celebration of human movement, where the fluid grace of the swimmers mirrors the flowing mists that earlier clung to the mountain passes.

This sweet poem was supposedly addressed for the 2:22 master. Yet in respect, I'd like to speak about the final chapters, kinda how the two rules that Charity gives are exactly played out within 10, 11, and 12, where the final ladies are revealed; the plot continues in Letters with a continuous bond?

QUOTES FROM STACEY

Focus on the Light, focus on Light. Focus on the Light, focus on Light. *Focus on the Light, focus on Light. Amen.* These were designs for later chapters, despite the twelve holding support and trembling power within spiritual and significance of the Star Movement, which held the high priestly and was only viewed by the Highest Class within the Stars of the non-fictional and rather immersive visuals of these God-like creatures of dimension view. The later chapters happened more as a Revelation and a strick-diet of moon soma, O holy Ra, by given provided, the ten-ten sunrise, O brilliant with me, the God shines gifts upon me and gracious Jannah is praised within the holy power of Ra, drafted and alluded with the holy Anpu, and collected as a Diary or Log of such life events parallel to the Death journalling of the holy flames. The sacrificial flames of the burning Sutekh, O Gasolina, O unholy Iblis, the sacrament of this holy testament □ □

Ruling Poems, Two Dark Shadows:
There is such like a poem,
Who knows who wrote them?
But if you sing a key or two you'll follow through
To plan, immerse yourself in the guests!

Yet remember,
He knows The Bible, too (IMA GETCHA GETCHA GETCHA GETCHA)
If you think long enough with the pen.
These strings, the pullings like penjamin:
The evil black spirits lurking,
Anxiety, crushed like pressure O pretending
I'm just trying to make these Benjamin's...
But my time is spent.
I like to recollect,
Recognize these figures of postings, the best hosting,
Like Danny Thomas with no shirt on, be the locusts
The dollar has no costing
And the final weather treatment is exploding
Bombs, on yo head these bars like beetleguese,
Because I gotta say them twice until I'm right,
Flawless with no screen time, remind me of these Apollo feasts.

Concerning These Dark Shadows with Themes:
These two figures constantly following,
This youth is Satan and his companion, O demons of America,
The two shrouds are this pair of demons.
Jargensen the cannibal void is an unpaired malevolence,
He sits chatting on Death's door with Abaddon, a slain demon prince who walks through the valley of his French departed priests.
They peer into Stacey's valley of world, a youthful and bright young girl's imagination when the trips of time slips, and the revelation of Death is sweeter than life when she is twelve feet deep under the exploding nebula of intelligence and visions: the pills
Geeking out on those pills,
The reality is changing by the crystal, the pills, the darkness is played with and strings pulled in a sense
With what the two demons really believe: where starvation of High is unmatched to the persons there in those Highs

And yet the destroying force Death reapers within us all when we die?

How melancholy…The Scrapped Idea for Part Three: Six Chapters (UN-CANON)

The descriptions below are rough drafts of evident plot points within a constant narrative of the Stacey Star Trilogy, which compelled the first two monumental works of six chapters each. This third part would also consist of six chapters, collecting hymns and events in Stacey's life that occurred after the meet-and-greet that Abaddon and Jargensen had conferred in the woodlands. To conclude the rightful passion to change the world with a bright vision held the testament of how great loss was when shifting between her best friend, her family, and the alluded plain of dimensional travel, like that of the upside-down atmosphere of constant electricity and remedy that had the potential to expand the trivia of societies… here below, those last five chapters were drafted and evaluated to transgress, but only held canon with these notes after the first three; needless to say, the V. Official Enterprise with-holds the final notes listed within a presumed Chapter Thirty that concludes these society hopes and produces the storyline to an endless superhero and mythical battle. Yet, too far ahead in the story from events that seem to be withholding the potential of other characters and reviewing life events and journaling allows the next part of Stacey's adventures to the stars!

Chapter thirteen was composed of hymns of April, when two marriages were celebrated, and the end of April, when the sixth seal sought a new emblem. Under vivid sensing of the Biblical letters before being read, the damn Prophecies of the painful killings after the Leviticus led O Zechariah, the elements of golden lamps summoned by the Grandmother of Momo! As well as revisiting the Book of Matthew, *Eli, why have you abandoned me? O God…* rolls eyes discreetly. Elizabeth's death was a faded-underminded rethinking of loss of deep friendship and therefore was poetically attempted to be written as the American crucifixion, yet in sadness and deep character development, Elizabeth did not meet Death in the final cut.

★ In Chapter Fourteen, the ending was read as "I want this family dinner to turn into the second family dinner with the brother, O Billy Loomis, turns into a fanatic family dinner where the chainsaw man and flayed people roam, where one member of the group is destroyed by the king goat, there

were five bodies and a bloodhound. Peaceful jazz leads to the shore at the Lake; there is a seance… of fire."

★ Conclusion of Chapter Fire Fifteen: "To try and clear her mind from the, Stacey stays on an island with the all-powerful club owner, Raine, and her wife, the joint is known as Cut-Rite Club de Motosierras. An amazing resort! Stacey is at the bar, now having realized the universe's break made errors in some details, and Stacey was old enough to drink in American lands, near St. John, U.S. Virgin Islands. Raine speaks of the Rings of Truth. 'You can be Peter Pan here.'"

★ Under formations for **Chapter Sixteen** Revelations: "Rings of Truth power against Sexkur, Valentino, and ArCrown Black to defeat the fortress under Fantasy. This collapses the universe into a single line, a 1D plane where Death can not even escape, and Stacey is left with the maximum void upon meditation: she meets the Dao. When the Rings of Truth melt, this is because of the immense power the floating head gods have when realizing and creating the universe with lasers again. The universe begins to expand, the stars and stardusts, and Stacey sees a vision below in the dust of the aliens picking up her radar signal in the explosions…Stacey begins to understand the power and balance between these universal worlds as she flies back to her front yard, and concludes her job as a "demon-slayer" with the Japanese steel sword that had been placed near the house during the V. tattoo's beginning (literally, probably was Diamondback). Stacey begins a journal after the last one dedicated to an "Ars Goetia" collection and mentions of the supernatural items like the Aether and the Golden Rings. Within this collection are also listed many of the letters Stacey wrote during isolation and fear of death, and the cryptic alien writings from the Aether. Vanity visits her and speaks of how she tried making a grimoire. She also talks badly about the Saturn Diva and explains how she's only a puppet of Valentino, one of the richest kings in the underworld. She then reveals her ticking-clock heart and tells why she's so anxious, that she is the white rabbit trapped in her own daze of uncontrollable trippy world views.

Withdrawn Submission of Plot Events.

★ Understretched, regulated, and planned **Chapter Seventeen**, which later on was eradicated due to the systematic Death of Elizabeth, was

problematic to the main story thus far and would need to be pushed far back before attending. Likewise, a chapter is listed to be working ten chapters ahead of schedule, so with that in mind, these were nothing more than rough sketches of the upcoming: “Saturn comes over for tea, and they celebrate with a retro 1980s gig. Stacey wants to tell her about the nightmares, yet, within dark magic, the painting of a dark crimson figure kills Elizabeth in a gun shooting, who runs off into the rainy night with dark purple shades. Indigo smoke is the name. An assassin who works alongside Scarlett. Scarlett is revealed to be the head mobster of the illegal arms underground agency and a long-time assassin who hired Mr. Meloncahly, who hired D.J. Meloncahly, who is publicly executed, but D.J. flees the city toward NY. A riot builds for Scarlett, and she stands tall as the hot, sexy red subbucbus woman who reigns over the guns empire. Saturn is revealed to be the Shadow of Indigo Smoke, and within her powers of the Fantasy land, she saw the future of Stacey’s execution of ArCrown Black and Scarlett’s misfortune, so she went forward to save the King and link herself to Indigo Smoke from the execution.”

Chapter Thirty?? V. Official.

★ As stated under rightful ownership of Vee-Enterprises, listed work is under doctrine of the rightful owning V. listed officials and superiors within the Star Movement and other occurring relative events associated with the money processed: “There is a club meeting with card games, where a real plan is discussed at Stacey’s house about the streets, about a strap, and about the assassin who may still be after Stacey. “It didn’t click until just now… the items of dimensional power and dysfunction are connected to the Death’s shadow that follows and causes a wake of Hell-fire to create a new world of misery, and the trade for equal success becomes unbalanced. Disease changes generation in the form of a lurking dark kingdom. The same kingdom is attacking the foundation of Fantasy and now towards Earth.” This meeting has Saturn reveal that she had taken a piece of the crystal when Stacey originally had it, and with a link of her hair, they all go to Fantasy. By which the Guardians immediately detest, and a council is drawn to perfect the morbid deceased away from the living in this dimension. However, Stacey ruled that if code names were used by the friends to only spark a glance at the imaginations of personality, the spirit of Elizabeth would travel on with the incarnation of “Saturn” within the Fantasy golden gates… in turn, a law is passed within

the Twelve Donne Santes and added to adjust the rules of Fantasy land. Stacey gains a vision for Fantasy unites the sombre feeling of home in her heart, and projected cities are invisibilized for the citizens. Yet, in tireless momentum, the mind and spirit have to wander back to Reality in a natural state of recharging, which gives each one a day to return to normal Earth conditions."

Stardate: April 27, 2043.

Amidst some flow, somehow Stacey ended up back with her brother! She was very happy that day, getting to booze the loose screws… to toast up with the thousands of dollars she had. Toast up, O Gang!

As Stacey rode with her brother on the backroads of the factories and farmlands, the music was dramatic and chilling. She'd run across the highway to meet him after almost walking to a burger joint. But there, they decided to go North, O shop of wonders, and found the compass to guide home. On the way, they were speaking about the drunken high from last time, when Stqacey blacked out from shots and beers: "You went outside and were showing me the stars, showing me the constellations, but you couldn't find them cause you were stumbling. And you were talking backwards, but when I cracked the code, you switched it up on me!" O Billy Loomis.

O Stacey Star! "I don't remember any of that shit! That's how you know it was a good high, hell yeah!"

"I'm sure he still loves you, he's just… set in his ways."

"As am I Set in my ways, HAHAHA! I like the burritos from this place. And there's a flower only imported from Mexico!" Al said, as they cruised the winding paths behind the Valley and found their way back to the near Antique store. As we walked in with the ring of the bell, we looked at the menu. Her brother recommended the Burrito, a large menu item filled with delicious food! Numero Uno! Many times had Stacey been to this little store beside the corner that had delicious tacos, shrimp and steak. They got 2 burritos, steak. And within the freezer were three large buckets of nice juices. These juices were orange, lime, and purple. He motioned and spoke Spanish for the purple juices. Two gigantic cups of them, the drinks with the burritos!

As the television and radio played Spanish advertisements in the ambience, Stacey and her brother passed the penjamin back and forth, the compass of delight! A nice and cool breeze, clouding up the room. When another migo walked in to order, he withdrew the penjamin, "Yknow it's disrespectful to smoke when someone else is in the room."

As more time went by, the sweet time of the chefs, Stacey, looked over to Mano. “Scale from one to ten, how fried are you?”

“Yeah,” Mano said, smiling. They went to play in the other room with the market and the mural of the Last Supper, where he had so many bands. He counted so many before giving the correct amount and tip. He joked with the cashier, asking, “Do you take pesos?”

As they made their way, they swerved through town, cutting a left, *following the roads into hell.* In the woodlands, following the holler.

When they made it to the crib, Stacey was inherently hungry, yet kept sipping, cracked a beer, and they started watching *Boondocks* and *Clone High*.

Stardate: April 27, 2043, O 8 PM.

From this terrible, insurmountable, the road that I dreamed of and never wished to return upon, there I sat in the truck:

O winding roads, for a mountain that is unknown and unseen. For winding roads are really the broken gates and fields… O fields of the horizon, when mountains meet canyons of desolate mountains, where the trees fall over, and dirt becomes sand under the dry heat. The same mailbox as we passed the dead road that for so long was above that field, that stretched to pasture and memories of an indistinct home, when the separate was truly the forbidden marriage that was once seen… rest in peace, those angry birds of the air! The road was a hill! This hill saw the horses and house on top, where the road led, and a vintage cabin was an old, unique golden piece, and a barn, where the trees were so distinct, and the motorcycles sputtered so quickly on the two-lane highway!

Within that deep forest, the shadow fog of a machine that uses fear to direct others away was shown; the door and animal farm was such a distraction from the momentum and waiting. Besides these, the trees were talking, and in the mirror, the angered moose shone his right eye for the anger in his pit. He stood there, yet the party was over and only a sale, this occasion willowed the hollow trees to sputter the Appalachian starker and harked a breath of decay to assist this lonely traveller.

Twas a nice family dinner, O family, casual! After this, like I had checked and re-checked, the winding roads led to the tallest mountain. For this occasion, it was the fulfillment of the arrest: When the side of the road was only to mean a grand entrance to my home, that I’d ritualistically done every day since I’d had a job and my own truck, la trucha raced by the green light and met blue lights. For up the hill was my plan to meet a party, and O glorious hate followed. Hate

still exists. And hate is what I love; therefore, I call the opposition of pursuit, O Satan. Opposing the ritual of blood and the taste of deadly family ties, like nooses and bodies swinging in the trees: all this to say that I hated once before, and the justice was given that my family, O Big Brother, let the dream continue, for I had closure!

We returned to another family dinner! For hours, and I mean hours, did the Ganga weed go up. The water of the pipe, that gas station bong, was the ether of the beautiful weed ground up to the purple leaves, and soon after, only holding two or three beers, Stacy did pass out on the sofa again. Where was the ginger ki-itty!?

Perkins is a Nice Man.

The psycho is from blood and lust. The lust is from the vacuum and the ether of fuzz. The psycho led to the buzz. They both came from the sources of Madison, O, Wisconsin. The wake-up of a century was the shower, O knives out, the showers of poison! Delectable indeed.

All this to say the horror of tremendous sport did not come from just anywhere, especially when Jerome and Dante are slinging burgers. Take, for example, the eye of the product, the prize is the picture. The picture is also what started this horror: Man's war is horror. Therefore, humans can not be called that but rather Carnage. He becomes the bloodshed of O horror, and the insides turn out, from cocoon to Moth, the sprouts of the beauty held within the functioning system were all the piano tiles of an organ.

Despite this lonesome road, there will be those who come in to show the manifold of the ancestral rainbow that holds upon the ether and upon the rain and within the clouds, O The Dark Storms from Allah, let the rain be special to the crops! Let the soma simmer. Let the spaghetti, O Orion, lean!

The buzz was back. Yeah, I'm going to walk into the Depot store one of these days and buy a goddamn chainsaw? Why? Because I can. What is a shovel to a non-existent grave… only the body must fall over for the necessary dirt to be moved, O ceremony of the grounds.

Amidst the struggles of trying to find the monotheistic values of Oneness, that I might be able to escape this constant trap of a cycle that I can not stop, this land that I fear and desire Moksha. For the fear of the gold stacks, O Miss Makima, the learned of the Raj Dharma, the hate I have for one who killed me by taking all my money. This evil man, the slayer of Charity, was the death of dharma in the sense that the blood would be the demon's money forever. For I realized the pains and the miserable things in life are the amount of adharma,

and the strife of being at peace, at oneness, this "father in heaven." I have many annotations on this religious deep-dive, yet understand that with the longings of tradition, you must not leave the traditional values of the ancestors to leave you, lest you pick the side of Berlin you will stay on! For I realized Jesus was not a problem, the one the Spiveys had been married under the church. He was not an everlasting source of Woe, yet my scars matched the pain of many, many lashes.

★★★★★★